PLANET OF THE APES

ANNUAL

AUTHORISED EDITION

"Where man once stood supreme - now rule the apes."

PLANET OF THE APES

ANNUAL AUTHORISED EDITION

PUBLISHED BY

BROWN WATSON

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MOUNTAINS rose ahead of them, tall, majestic and snow-capped, as three weary fugitives made their way up the trail through the foothills, sometimes looking ahead at the difficulties yet to come, sometimes behind for the pursuit they expected at any moment.

Right now, though, their luck seemed to be holding. Alan Virdon turned to look back down the trail, a hand raised to shade his eyes. Nothing moved, all the way to the horizon. He hurried to join the others.

"Must be coming into the Rocky Mountains . . ." observed Pete Burke. "You sure we want to head on in this direction, Alan? It could get pretty rough!"

"We've tried every other way, Pete!" Galen interjected. "And everywhere there's nothing but apes . . . and trouble! At least up here we should be safe."

They moved on slowly, picking their way up the trail, and turned a bend into a small, narrow ravine. Virdon looked dubiously at the trail's shadowed twists and turns, but there was nowhere else to go. They pressed on cautiously.

An arrow suddenly landed at their feet.

The three of them looked up at the ravine walls. As if from nowhere, several men had appeared, all armed with bows, lining the cliff top threateningly. Ahead of them, two more archers appeared on the trail; behind, the same. Galen and his companions slowly raised their hands.

One of the archers ahead signalled to them to come forward. Under constant threat from all sides, they allowed themselves to be led through the ravine, and out onto a level plateau. In the distance, a small village lay, protected by a heavy stockade. There wasn't an ape in sight . . .

"Hey, look! What's going on here?" Burke asked, but their captors maintained a stony silence, while swiftly tying their wrists. Surrounded by archers, the captives started their journey across the plateau, passing a few small fields, heading towards the village.

Heavy wooden gates swung open as they approached, and they found themselves marching between shabby huts toward the centre of the village. Everywhere they passed, the villagers looked at them suspiciously, seeming to reserve their venomous stares for Galen.

"I don't mind telling you," the chimp began. "These people are starting to make me distinctly nervous!"

"You're not the only one, Galen," Burke replied. "Still, let's see what they're cooking up for us."

In the centre of the village, the group stopped. From a nearby hut, three men appeared; two old and greying, the other younger, muscular, an obvious hunter. They looked briefly at the captives, then turned to the leader of the archers.

"We found them coming up the trail directly toward the village," he said. "They've got to be spies!"

"Now, hold it!" Virdon said firmly. "We're not spies . . . we're on the run from the apes ourselves . . ."

"Take them away!" the younger one of the three interrupted. "Lock them up . . . and then check if there are any more spies on their way here . . .!"

Before they had a chance to protest, Burke, Virdon and Galen found themselves being hustled away through the village, toward a large wooden cabin, with thick logs and barred windows. Dragged inside, they saw two cells marked out with iron bars which ran from floor to ceiling. Burke and Virdon were thrust into one, Galen into the other. Keys turned, locks clicked, and they were left on their own.

Virdon prowled round their iron cage, checking everything; the bars, the windows, the walls, looking for some method of escape. There was nothing.

"They've got their ideas right about prisons," he remarked, "even if they're wrong about us . . .!"

"What do you think they'll do with us?" Galen asked, grasping the bars which separated their two cells. "They haven't given us a chance to explain, or anything! Surely they must have someone we can talk to?"

"I wouldn't count on it, Galen." Burke sat down wearily on the rough cell bed. "These people are frightened . . . all the time . . . and frightened people don't make good listeners."

A couple of hours passed, while they tried desperately to think of some way out. But it seemed impossible. They didn't even have anything to bribe their captors with. At last, the door opened, and two of the council came in.

Seth, the young one, looked meanly at Galen.

"He might be worth something as a prisoner of war if the apes do attack. You! Chimpanzee! What were you and your servants doing in this

GALEN'S

GUERRILLAS

area?"

"Running away," Galen replied softly. "And these aren't my servants, they're my friends."

Thorn, the older council member, looked at him suspiciously. "Apes don't have human friends! And if you are running away, then you're no use to us."

"We may as well execute him at the full moon festival," Seth decided. "It'll be good for morale!"

"You can't do that!" Virdon protested. "He's telling the truth. None of us have any liking for the apes."

"You seem to like *him!*" Thorn pointed toward Galen. "And we've no use for ape-lovers! Perhaps you'd like to die with him."

Thorn and Seth turned suddenly, leaving the cabin. Burke called desperately for them to come back so he could explain, but it was no use. The door slammed shut.

"Did I say the wrong thing?" Galen asked worriedly.

"Looks like it, pal." Burke paced over to the window to watch the councillors walking away through the village. "But it wasn't your fault. We would have said the same."

When night fell, they waited for moonrise. Up till then, it hadn't seemed particularly important . . . but now they saw the moon was half full . . . that gave them five or six days to think of something . . .

The night passed uneventfully, and so did the morning. Outside stood a guard, armed with a bow, as all the men in the village seemed to be, and a vicious-looking knife, the blade over a foot long. Even if they got out of the cells, they didn't like the idea of tangling with him.

Soon after mid-day, they heard shouting from the far side of the village, and tension and excitement spread throughout the entire population. The captives waited patiently to find out what was happening and at last another villager came to talk to the guard. Burke and Virdon crouched by the window, listening attentively.

"A scouting party of apes . . ." the newcomer said. "They captured Liman while he was out hunting . . . then rode off with him."

"They must be looking for their spies!" Burke and Virdon ducked out of sight as the guard looked venomously toward the window. "It would have to be Liman! If they torture him, he'll crack. And when they know about us."

Virdon could guess what would happen. the apes would not stand for any kind of human community that they didn't control. It provided too much of a threat, of rebellion, or perhaps even war. There would be an attack, very soon.

And the next morning proved him right. An army of gorillas had been sighted, perhaps a hundred or more, riding up into the hills, armed to the teeth. With the others, Virdon watched as the men of the village assembled, gathering their supplies of arrows, ready to fight. They marched out in a body, heading for battle.

"And that puts us in a whole mess of trouble," said Burke, watching. "If the humans win, we all get executed, and if the gorillas win, we wind up back in Central City with Urko."

"The villagers won't win." Virdon shook his head. "They're going out there to fight a pitched battle . . . arrows against guns. They've no hope."

They watched in silence as the men marched out, admiring their bravery, despairing at their foolishness. At last, Virdon looked up.

"I've got an idea! They'll lose the first battle . . . but if they don't come off too badly, we might be able to work something out. Galen! We're going to give you a few lessons in guerrilla tactics."

"But I already know about gorilla tactics, Alan! It's just kill, kill, kill,!"

"Wrong guerrilla," Burke said. "It's a way that small bands of men can fight a big army. But what's the idea, Alan?"

"If we can convince Seth that Galen can help . . . get Galen to teach him how to fight . . . and if they can beat off the apes, then they might let us go."

"But why me?" asked Galen.

"Because if *we* told them," Burke grinned. "They'd just let us go, and still execute *you*!"

"I'll do it," Galen said immediately. "It sounds like a long shot, but it might just work."

Faintly, they could hear the sound of rifle fire drifting up to the village from the battle below. After a while it was quiet. An hour later, the dispirited remains of the village army marched back. It was hard to see precisely what had happened, but from their cell windows the captives could see quite plainly what the result had been . . . a victory for the apes. The wailing of bereaved families started to spread through the village.

When things had calmed down a little. Virdon went to the window, attracting the guard's attention. "We want to talk to Seth! Tell him it's important, a matter of life and death. His life."

After some persuasion, the guard finally did as he was asked. Seth came to the prison alone.

"You lost today, didn't you?" Galen caught his attention immediately. Seth nodded coldly.

"Listen, I can help you. I know how to fight the gorillas . . . I should do, after all, I am an ape myself! There's no use just facing them and fighting it out. You've got to be more cunning."

Burke and Virdon listened nervously, as Galen went on to describe a number of tactics that they had carefully taught him, watching Seth who took it all in, stony-faced. Were they getting through?

"That's no way for men to fight!" Seth said angrily, when Galen was finished. "There's no honour in creeping up and shooting them in the back!"

"You're a fool!" Galen shouted, Burke and Virdon winced inwardly. If he blew it now . . .

"How many men did you lose today?" Galen continued. "Twenty? Thirty? How long can you defend the village with losses like that? Just try my idea once, at least! You've nothing to lose . . . and you'll see that it works!"

Seth paced up and down, thoughtful, looking at the floor. At last, he turned.

"It still sounds all wrong to me, but it might work. Why are you doing it, though . . . if it's a trap . . ."

"If it's a trap, your people will kill us right away. If it works, we want our freedom . . . all of us!"

Still thinking hard, Seth went out of the door. Burke and Virdon rushed to the window, listening.

"Get five men together at night fall," Seth said to the guard. "Secret mission . . . don't tell anyone . . ."

The captives breathed a sigh of relief.

Through the darkness, Seth and his men crept toward the ape camp in total silence. Arrows nocked, they waited in the bushes at the edge of the camp, while two of their number crawled toward the horses, tethered to stakes nearby. Knives flashed briefly in the moonlight as, one by one, the horses were freed. Whinnying and stamping, they started to move out of camp.

A gorilla sentry ran toward the horses. Seth aimed and shot. Hands pawing at the shaft which transfixed his breast, the gorilla fell backwards, gasping. The two men rushed back to join their companions.

Suddenly, the camp came to life as the gorillas rushed after the fleeing horses. Picking their targets, Seth and his men each loosed an arrow. Five found their mark. Shots rang out in the darkness, but they merely spurred the horses into greater flight. Seth and his men had already fled into the night . . .

Next morning, riding the few horses that they had managed to recapture, a gorilla scouting party rode up the trail to the ravine. The leader was cautious, looking and listening carefully, but nothing seemed amiss. He rode on into the shadowy defile.

Noislessly, unexpectedly, arrows showered down from the cliff tops as Seth and his men came forward from cover. Seconds later it was over. The villagers moved down into the ravine to pick up rifles and lead away the horses. The bodies of the gorillas were left behind as a terrible warning.

About mid-day, the gorillas decided to break camp. The scouting party had not returned, and it was time to investigate. The ape commander assembled his troops, ready to move out. A commander at his side suddenly fell, clutching at an arrow in his throat. But when they had recovered from the shock, no attacker was to be seen.

Wary and fearful, the gorilla army marched out on foot, heading up into the hills. Every few minutes, a man would appear, let loose an arrow,

and flee before the apes could take aim. Worn down by the tension and the growing list of casualties, the commander could sense his army crumbling behind him.

They had lost another fourteen troopers by the time they reached the ravine, and saw the carnage ahead of them. As they stooped, horrified mutterings spread throughout the troops. The commander moved forward to look at the bodies.

Seven arrows thudded into his chest, tumbling him backward.

Stunned, the apes stood motionless as a volley of arrows hurtled down among them. Then, those that could still move turned and fled. A great cheer echoed after them.

That night, as the village celebrated, Seth came, alone, to the prison, and sent the guard away to join the others. Entering, he announced:

"It worked. The whole village is praising my brilliant strategy!"

"*Your* strategy!" Galen exploded, angrily.

"Of course! I couldn't very well tell them it was your idea, could I?" Then Seth smiled, and unlocked their cell doors. "Get out of the village without anyone seeing you. I'll just have to hope my reputation as a conqueror will carry me through the arguments about letting you go . . .!"

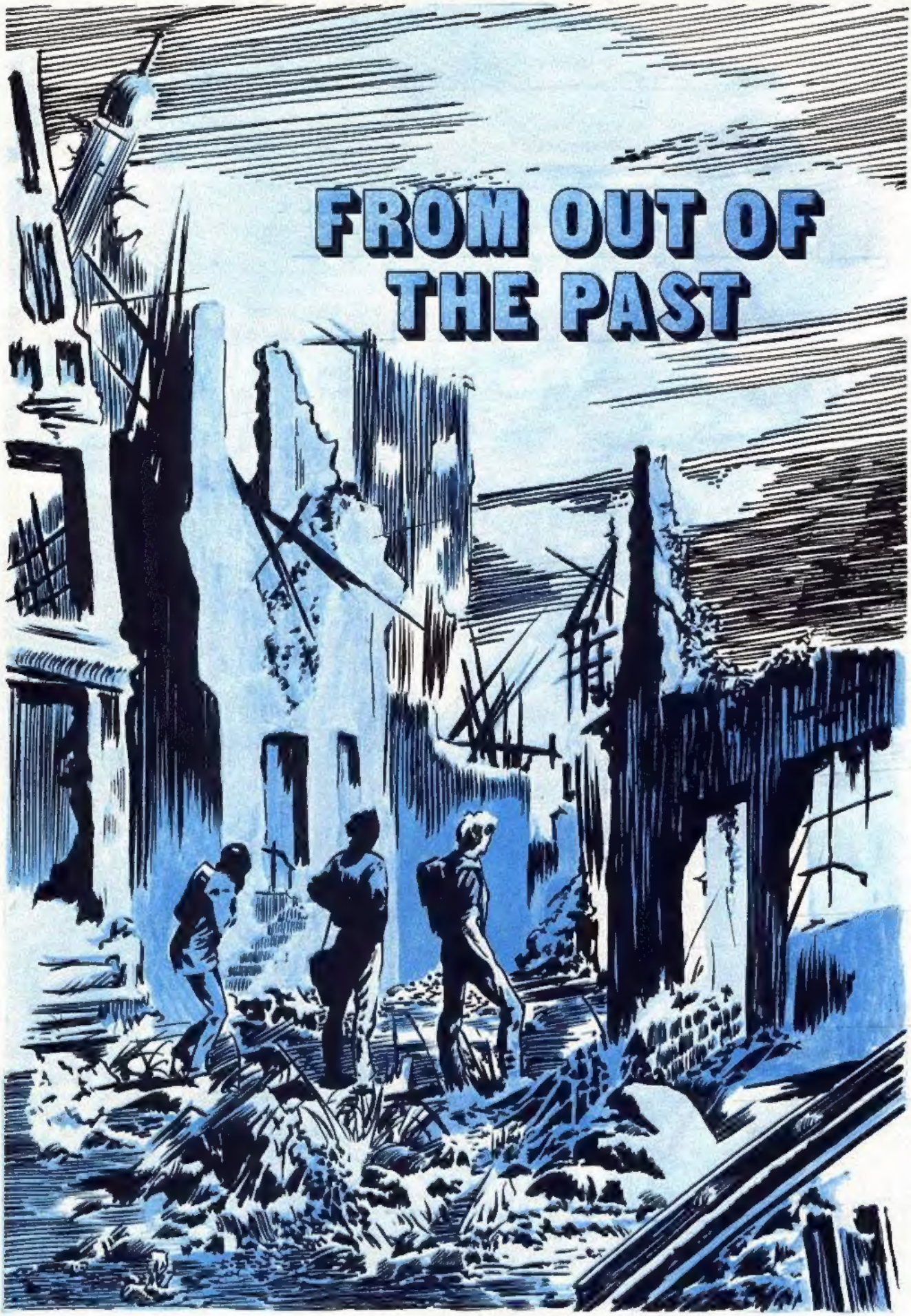
Virdon stepped forward to shake Seth's hand. "They'll be back, you know that, don't you?"

Seth nodded. "But we'll be ready for them! If we can beat them once . . . it might take a long time, but they'll never win!"

"Good luck!" Burke spoke for all of them.

"And to you . . ." Seth opened the cabin door. "And thank you . . ."

The three fugitives slipped out into the darkness, making their way by the light of the nearly full moon. While there were still men like Seth around, there was always hope . . .


FROM OUT OF
THE PAST

"WE'RE getting into the earthquake zone!" Galen announced, pausing and standing quite still. "Can't you feel the ground trembling slightly under your feet?"

Burke and Virdon stopped, trying to decide for themselves. It was hard to tell, but they had long since learned to trust Galen's senses in these borderline areas.

"Perhaps it does . . ." Virdon said slowly. "At least that means the apes are less likely to be looking for us here. Let's push on and see what we can find."

What they found, after another hour's walking, was the ruins of an old city, built by men before the terrible wars that had destroyed human civilisation and given rise to the supremacy of the apes. Now crumbling slowly into dust, eroded by centuries of wind and rain, it presented a pitiful memorial to what once was, and what might have been. The three fugitives stared sadly at the stumps of skyscrapers, the piles of bricks that once had been homes.

"Any idea where it is?" Burke asked, surveying the desolation.

Virdon shook his head. "Could have been a new city, built after we left. Let's go take a look around."

"Are you sure that's safe?" Galen asked worriedly. "I can feel the tremors getting stronger."

"Well, we're still having trouble feeling anything at all, Galen. It should be okay. If things start looking dangerous, we'll pull out." Burke led the way towards the ruins.

They picked their way slowly through what had once been the suburbs, approaching the city centre, where the buildings seemed slightly better preserved. After a while, Virdon called a halt.

"Look there, up ahead!"

Three or four hundred yards away, a thin column of smoke rose, obviously from some kind of cooking fire. There wouldn't be any apes, that was sure . . . but would any humans living here accept them? Especially Galen.

"You two wait here," Virdon decided. "I'll go ahead and scout around. Then, if I make contact, I'll try to explain about us. If I'm not back by nightfall . . . *worry!*"

Burke and Galen were worrying long before then anyway, but an hour before sunset, Virdon came into sight again, accompanied by another man, about the same age, but thin and undernourished, dressed in rags. Virdon introduced him as Green. He looked carefully at Galen, then nodded.

"Come on," Virdon said. There's a party of four or five of them, living in a ruined house not far from here. We'll have a roof over our heads . . . even if it's full of holes!"

"What do you know about the City centre?" Virdon asked Green, the following morning. "Are there any big buildings left? Any libraries? Computer centres?"

Green looked at him in blank incomprehension. "What kind of things are they?" he asked.

"Forget it . . ." Virdon shook his head. There was no point pursuing that line of questioning. But suddenly he had another idea. "How about sacred places? Symbols of the power of the old ones?"

Green hesitated, but Virdon could see that it was not a question of understanding this time. Green finally made up his mind.

"Yes, there are such places . . ." he said at last.

"Will you take us there, to see them?"

Another long pause. "All right . . . but you must be respectful!"

"I don't get it, Alan." Galen said, drawing Virdon aside as Green led them through the ruins. "When did you get interested in religion?"

Virdon smiled, whispering. "You've got to use a little psychology, Galen. In our times, when men ruled everything, knowledge was power. If there is some sort of racial memory of that, then what these people regard as sacred might be what we're looking for. It's a guess, but it's not going to do us any harm to find out."

"Unless there's an earthquake," Galen said sourly.

Picking their way carefully through tumbled concrete rubble, and twisted rusting girders which crumbled at the touch, the party approached the city centre. Green pointed toward the remains of what had obviously once been an impressive skyscraper. Now only the first three floors remained in reasonably intact condition, and some walls of the fourth.

"Can we go closer?" Virdon asked, having assumed the role of spokesman when dealing with local inhabitants.

"A little way," Green replied, looking somewhat nervous. He scrambled over a slab of concrete, followed by the others. When they got to within about twenty yards, he stopped, refusing to go any further.

The place looked like some kind of office-building, though any sort of name plate had fallen off long ago. A pair of swing doors, the glass shattered and largely gone, invited further investigation.

"What's in there?" Virdon asked, trying to sound merely casually curious.

"I have never been inside," Green said. "But long ago, one of our people, he's dead now, went in there. It was dark, and he stumbled around. Just as he was wishing for light, it appeared. Lots of little lights, flashing on and off, and by their light, he saw things going round and whirring. It was the work of the gods, so he fled. No one has been in there since."

"Sounds interesting," Burke whispered. "You never know your luck."

"We want to take a look inside," Virdon said carefully, starting to move forward. "Don't worry."

"No! You can't! It's . . . it's not allowed!" Green protested wildly, but as the three of them

swing closed behind them. Virdon seated himself in front of the control board, and shortly afterwards, tiny lights flickered into existence on the massed machine banks.

"Amazing!" Burke declared. "Still in working order after all this time."

"Most of it anyway. Back at the beginning, they must have realised that the knowledge stored here would be useful, if only they had the time and know-how to use it. It's probably been a

approached the door, he hung back, making no further attempt to stop them. His fear of the 'gods' was too great.

Once past the doors, a shadowy corridor stretched in front of them, with doorways every few feet, some still with doors intact, others without. The low morning sun shed just enough light into the corridor to let them see where they were going. They worked their way along checking each room as best they could.

The rooms seemed to be offices, and most of them appeared to have been looted of anything useful long ago. But at the far end of the corridor was a pair of imposing swing doors. Holding them open, there was just enough light to make out what lay in the huge room beyond.

"A computer centre!" Virdon cried, delighted. "The guy who was in here before must have stumbled against a switch and started things going. Hold the doors while I try to find the master control."

A few moments later, the room was flooded with spluttering, pale, flourescent light. Galen and Burke moved into the room, letting the doors

taboo place ever since the war."

The swing doors opened again, and Green appeared, obviously having gathered all his courage. He looked quickly at the lights, and said one word: "Sorcery!" Then he was gone.

The three of them stared toward the doorway, wondering what Green's horrified reaction foreboded, then turned their attention back to the computer.

"What I'd like to know," Virdon began, "is what and where the power source is. See what you can find, will you, Pete?"

As Burke left, looking over the rest of the building, Galen shuffled over to Virdon.

"Just what are you hoping to do with this stuff, Alan? What use is it?"

"Anything we can find out might be useful, Galen. Maybe there's a human civilisation somewhere on the earth, still with some sort of technology. If we get real lucky, we might even find a way of getting back to our own time."

"I'm not sure I'd like your time . . ." Galen said, looking around at the whirring machinery. "But I suppose it would be better than being hunted."

"Too true! Now, let's see if we can find some sort of index tape, so we can run through and see what the memory banks contain . . ."

Burke reappeared as they were getting into their work, a look of satisfaction on his face.

"It's a miniature nuclear generator," he said. "Down in the basement. Been running for centuries, could go on for centuries more."

"Good! No worry on that score then! Give me a hand over here, Pete!"

Galen watched in silence, unable to help, as his friends examined everything. But then, suddenly the floor trembled beneath his feet again, and as he looked round, he could see the machinery vibrate. The swing doors groaned slightly as they swung on their hinges.

"Pete! Alan! Let's get out of here! It's an earthquake!"

Burke and Virdon looked up from their work, surprised, then saw what was happening.

"He ain't kidding this time, Alan!" Burke started towards the door. "Let's get out of here!"

The quake grew in intensity as they fought their way along the corridor. The floor was rippling like a jelly now, and one after another they lost their footing, having to climb back upright, or even crawl along. A crack appeared in the ceiling, just behind them, showering down dust and grit, and the ceiling bowed threateningly overhead. They scrambled on out into the open.

Green had long disappeared, although that wasn't of great concern to them right then. With what patience they could muster, they waited for the quake to run it's course, hoping that it would no worse than throw them around and shower masonry down some distance away. A cloud of dust rose, obscuring the sun, and the wind whipped it fiercly into their faces. But finally, everything went quiet again.

Gingerly, they made their way back into the building, pausing at the doorway as they saw that the whole building had subsided a foot or more. Apart from that, though, everything looked fairly secure. They made their way along the corridor to the computer room.

Once again, the room had been plunged into silent darkness. Burke moved towards the basement to check out the generator. He didn't look happy when he returned.

"I was hoping it was just going to be the wiring," he said, despairing, "but it's the generator ... completely out of action. And it looks like it's going to get pretty hot in a few days time ..."

"Hot?" Galen queried.

"Radioactive, he means." Virdon looked round. "That seems to be it, then. Unless we could come up with some sort of alternative power source, this lot's just so much scrap metal."

"Maybe ..." Burke thought furiously. "Maybe .... I might be able to rescue some of the generator parts ... then if we went up on the roof, found some wood, something to use as a driving chain ... we might be able to build a wind-generator." He grinned. "I guess that sounds kind of wacky, but ..."

"A computer run by a windmill? You bet it sounds wacky! But then, what have we got to lose by trying? In a few days that radioactivity will stop us getting anywhere near here anyway."

As Burke headed back to the basement, Virdon and Galen found their way to the roof ... or what passed for the roof.

The windmill creaked and whirred in a strong wind, up on top of the building, while below, in the computer room, it provided just enough power to provide a flickering light. It was not going to be enough.

"I've rigged up this lamp," Burke announced, holding a bulb that trailed wires. "If we just use this for light, and divert everything else into the computer ..."

"Maybe ... there's nothing left to try, I guess ..." Virdon switched off everything else, and turned back to the computer. There was an encouraging low hum.

A sound in the corridor distracted them, and was shortly followed by another. The sound of something falling. Burke stepped out to take a look.

Outside the building, Green and several other ragged humans milled about, hurling stones into the corridor. One clattered along the floor, making Burke jump clear.

"Sorcerers!" the men shouted when they saw him. "Blasphemers!" More rocks hurtled in his direction. Burke ducked back into the room.

"It's Green and his friends ... and they look mean! They've all got clubs, and it seems they're nerving themselves up to come in here."

They looked at each other desperately. This was no place to fight in . . . there was only one way out, and the attackers would be coming in through that. Burke picked up the lamp.

"I'll show 'em some sorcery!" he declared, stepping out into the corridor. He faced them, holding up the glowing bulb.

"Ra! Ra! Ra! Go get 'em, Team!" he shouted, in his most threatening tone, recalling old college football chants. The attackers stared at him in awe.

"A magic spell!" gasped Green, as panic spread through his group. And, as if the cry had been a cue, the earth started to shake once more. Tripping over each other in terror, Green and his men fled. Burke grinned, turning back to join the others.

A foot wide crack suddenly opened in the floor in front of him, and the walls started to buckle and bend on either side of him. He yelled, but the others were already bursting out of the computer room, racing towards him. Together, they turned and fled.

Lumps of concrete tumbled around them. Dust clogged their eyes and noses. Behind them, the ceiling crashed, ahead of them, a wall collapsed. Beneath their feet, the floor wriggled like a live thing. Scrambling over the rubble, they finally made it outside, and started getting as far away as possible from the crumbling building.

All around, barely visible through the dust, other buildings were falling with terrifying crashes. The computer centre suddenly collapsed in upon itself like a house of cards.

Then suddenly, it was over. Perfect silence fell, and the three of them looked toward the building they had just left. There was no point going back there.

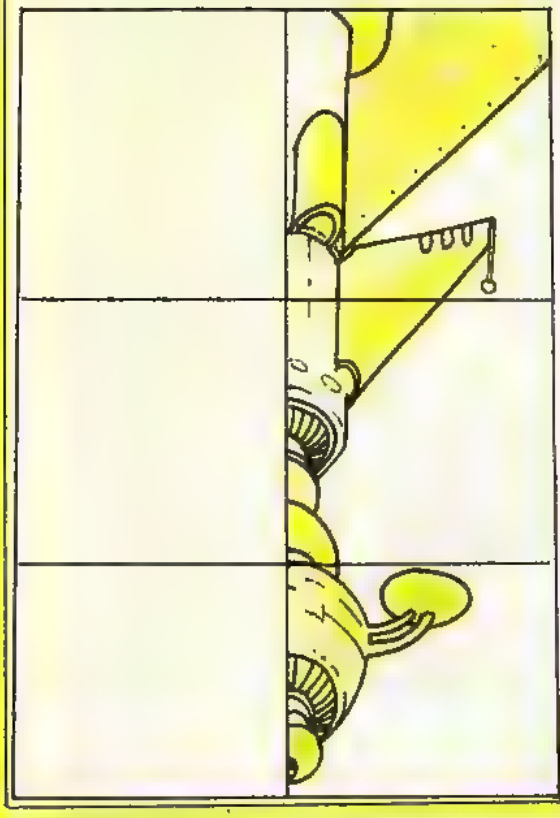
"We'd better move out of here," Burke decided. "Green and his guys aren't going to be too friendly if we run into them again."

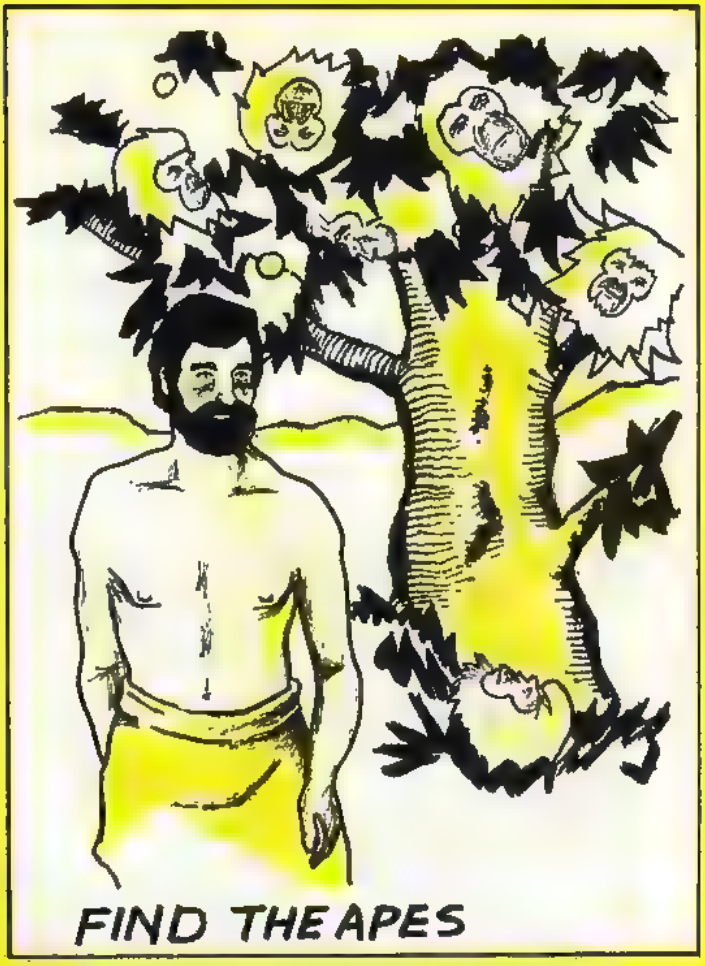
Agreeing, Virdon took one last, wistful look at the ruined computer centre. "So close . . ." he sighed. "But there must be other places like this, somewhere . . . we'll find them someday . . ."

Galen seemed unimpressed. "All I want to do is get out of here now, before another quake starts."

They couldn't argue with that. Wearily they started picking their way through the rubble, heading out of the city . . .

complete the spaceship

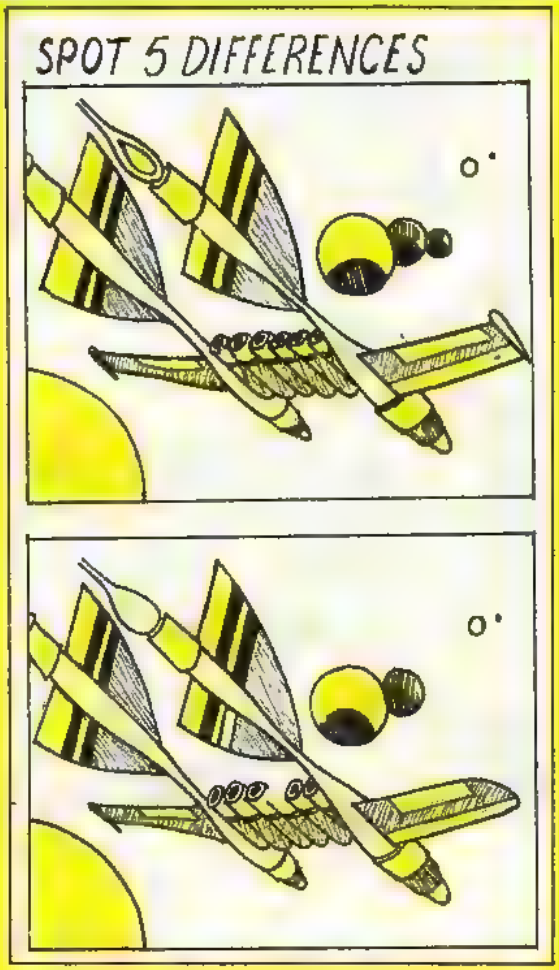




FIND THE APES

Help Galen out of the maze

SPOT 5 DIFFERENCES



FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, GALEN AND HIS FUGITIVE FRIENDS HAD A CHANCE TO RELAX.. NO APE HAD BEEN SEEN FOR SEVERAL HOURS.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD MAKE CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT? SEEMS A GOOD SPOT...
COME ON, GALEN, IT WON'T BE DARK FOR HOURS YET.
MAYBE GALEN'S RIGHT, PETE! WE COULD ALL DO WITH SOME REST...
HMM! INTERESTING LOOKING GROUND HERE...LOOKS ALMOST LIKE...
SUDDENLY, THE GROUND GAVE WAY BENEATH GALEN'S FEET AND HE FELL
PETE! ALAN! HELP!
PIT OF DOOM

GALEN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?
OOOOF!
IT SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND BUILDING! YOU REALLY OUGHT TO COME DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK!
NO DEAL... PETE'S GETTING SOME VINES... THEN YOU'RE COMING UP!
OKAY, HERE WE GO!
NO WE DON'T, PETE! LOOK OVER THERE... APES!
THINK THEY'VE SEEN US?
I'M NOT WAITING TO FIND OUT! LOOK OUT BELOW!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T... HOW ARE ANY OF US GOING TO GET OUT NOW?
THINGS CHANGE, GALEN OL' PAL... RIGHT NOW, WE DON'T WANT TO GET OUT...! LET'S LOOK ROUND!

AS THEY MOVED AWAY FROM THE ENTRANCE
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, ALAN. WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS?
LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING BUILT IN OUR TIME... PROBABLY SOME KIND OF MILITARY INSTALLATION!
WAIT! LOOK!
OH, MOTHER! I'M GETTING TO LIKE THIS PLACE LESS AND LESS... IT'S A GERM WARFARE STORE...
U.S. ARMY BIOLOGICAL WEAPON
AND SURE ENOUGH...
GERM WARFARE?
BUT BEFORE GALEN HAD TIME FOR QUESTIONS
LISTEN! I CAN HEAR HORSE'S HOOVES! THOSE APES MUST BE APPROACHING THE HOLE!
IF YOU DID SEE ANY HUMANS...THEY MUST HAVE GONE DOWN HERE! SHALL WE GO DOWN AND SEE?
NO! YOU KEEP WATCH HERE! I'LL RIDE TO COMMANDER GRIZ FOR MORE TROOPS!
KEEP YOUR RIFLE TRAINED ON THAT HOLE! I'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR!
DOWN BELOW.
WELL, WE'RE SURE NOT GOING TO GET OUT BACK THAT WAY... LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE WE CAN FIND!
ANYTHING WE FIND DOWN HERE ISN'T GOING TO BE TOO PLEASANT!

SOON...
'I WAS AFRAID OF THIS... IF THOSE DOORS ARE STILL CLOSED, THAT MEANS THE VAULTS WILL STILL BE FULL'
AND ONCE THOSE GORILLAS SEE WHAT'S DOWN HERE, THEY'LL FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING IN! AFTER THAT .. GOODBYE WORLD!
WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY OF STOPPING THEM GETTING THIS FAR, THEN! COME ON, GALEN!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE'
SOON..
SOME KIND OF CONTROL SET-UP..BUT WHAT DOES IT DO?
ALAN! LOOK... THIS SEEMS TO BE A MAP OF THE CORRIDORS AND VAULTS'
BUT..
NOTHING'S HAPPENING...NOT EVEN A RUMBLE!
I'VE TRIED EVERY SWITCH THERE IS! I GUESS IT WAS HOPING TOO MUCH FOR THE SYSTEM STILL TO BE WORKING!
I NOTICED ONE NEAR THE VAULTS! CAN YOU GIVE IT A TRY?
SEEMS THERE ARE SAFETY DOORS, THREE FEET THICK, THAT SHUT ELECTRICALLY' THEY'D KEEP THE APES OUT OF HERE!

BUT MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE...
TWO HUMANS AND AN APE, COMMANDER! THEY WENT DOWN THERE!
WE'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK... GET A ROPE!
BUT THEN.
HEY LOOK WHAT I JUST FOUND! THE GUARD ROOM'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR!
SURE THERE ARE, ALAN... BUT WE CAN'T BLOW THIS PLACE UP! WE'D ONLY BE RELEASING THE GERMS!
RIGHT... BUT BY BLOWING UP THE CORRIDORS WE CAN SEAL IT OFF PERMANENTLY! LET'S SEE THAT STUFF!
GUARD ROOM? ARE THERE ANY EXPLOSIVES, PETE?
SOON
SOME KIND OF SHELTER BUILT BY OUR FOREFATHERS! WHY WOULD HUMANS WANT TO COME DOWN HERE?
LOOK, COMMANDER... FOOT PRINTS IN THE DUST! THEY MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY!
BE CAREFUL! IF THESE ARE THE HUMANS URKO'S AFTER, THEY CAN BE DANGEROUS!

NOT FAR AWAY...
LISTEN! I CAN HEAR APES' DOWN HERE'
MOVE IT, ALAN' HURRY!
THE CORRIDOR LED THEM BEHIND THE GORILLAS ..
IF WE BLOW IT HERE, THAT'LL SEAL OFF THE ENTRANCE'
TRAPPING US DOWN HERE WITH A BUNCH OF GORILLAS! GREAT!
WE'RE TRAPPED DOWN HERE WITH THEM ANYWAY! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO BE SURE!
GALEN! COME ON BACK!
BUT..
COMMANDER' THEY'RE HERE... AAARGH!
KA-KRAK!
THEY'VE FOUND IT, ALAN! SET OFF THE CHARGES!
ALAN WAITED UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, THEN...
VA-
BLAAM!

AS THE DUST CLEARED.
COME ON, GALEN! YOU'LL BE OKAY, BUDDY!
IT'S WORKED! NOBODY'S GOING TO GET OUT THAT WAY! LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE.
THE HUMANS MUST HAVE DONE THIS! BUT THEY WOULDN'T DO IT WITHOUT ANOTHER WAY OUT! KEEP ON SEARCHING FOR THEM!
AS THE FUGITIVES FLED BACK THE WAY THEY HAD COME..
HEY, THE BLAST... IT MUST HAVE SHAKEN OPEN ONE OF THE VAULTS!
NO TIME FOR WORRYING ABOUT THAT NOW... KEEP RUNNING!
BUT GRIZ HAD MORE LEISURE TO INVESTIGATE... AND AN EVIL GLINT CAME INTO HIS EYE...
HA! I KNOW WHAT THIS IS! POISON GAS! AND THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO KILL EVERY HUMAN I KNOW... ZAIUS AND HIS SUPPORTERS, TOO! WE COULD TAKE OVER!
EVERYONE PUT ON ONE OF THESE MASKS! WE'LL FLOOD THE CORRIDORS! THAT'LL FINISH THE HUMANS!
SO, SOON..
SURRENDER, YOU THREE! OR WE'LL OPEN UP THIS POISON GAS!
GAS? BOY, HAS HE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER!

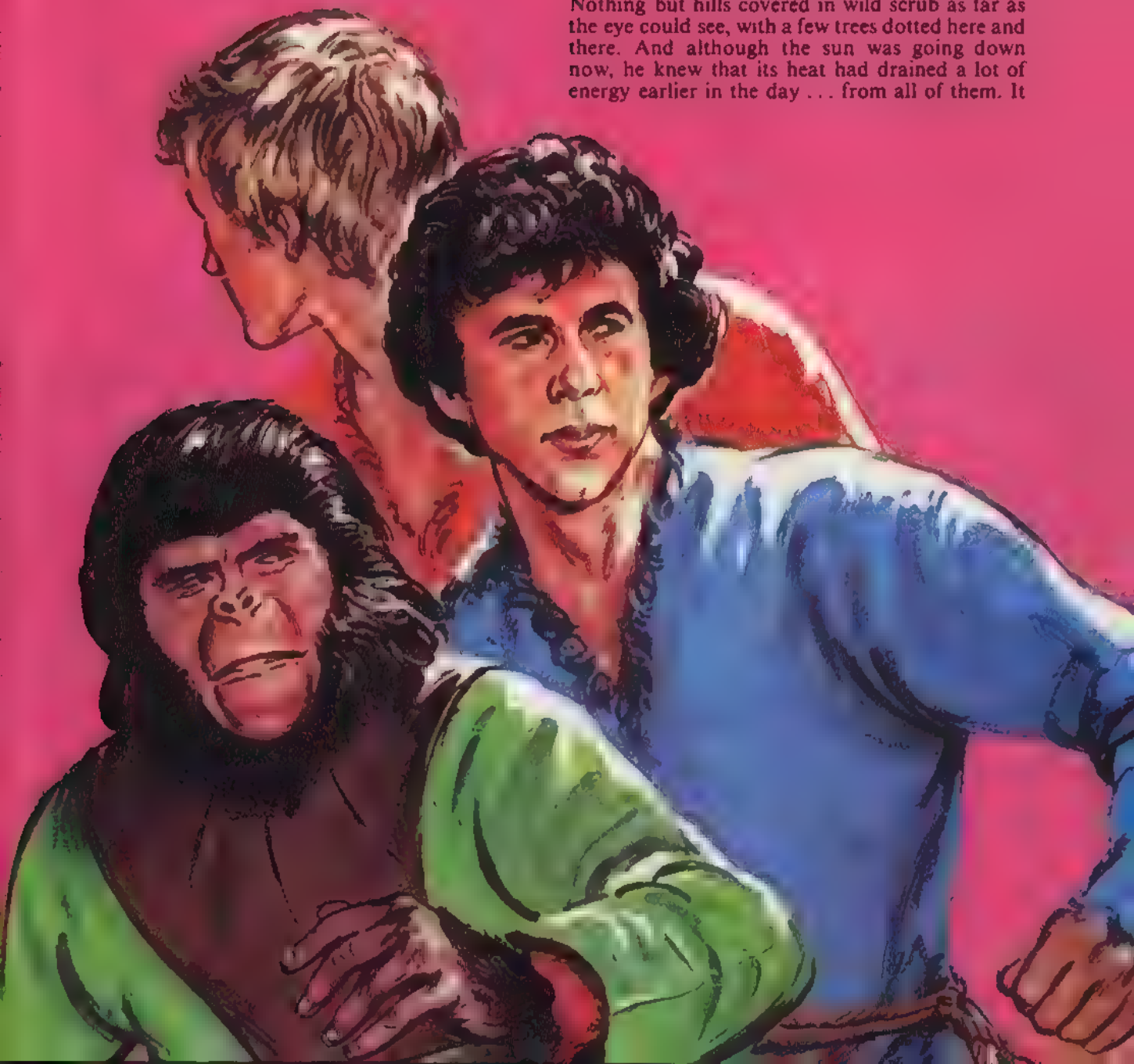
WAIT! THAT'S NOT GAS! THAT'S...
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! LET IT GO!
SSSS
THE FOOLS! THEY'LL DESTROY THEMSELVES...AND US TOO!
ONE CHANCE! IF WE CAN BLOW DOWN THE ROOF HERE...NOW, BEFORE THAT STUFF GETS THIS FAR...WE MIGHT SEAL IT IN!
SECONDS LATER
BLA-BOOOM!
BUT AS THE DUST CLEARED
LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT HAVE DONE IT.. I DON'T SEE ANY WAY FOR ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THERE!
LOOK OUT! ANOTHER ROOF FALL! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW?
BUT, WHEN IT WAS QUIET AGAIN.
I CAN FEEL A DRAUGHT! YES, THERE'S LIGHT UP THERE! WE MIGHT HAVE TO DIG, BUT..
SO LET'S START DIGGING!
AT LAST, AFTER HOURS OF DIGGING.
LET'S GO BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS CURIOUS, AND OPENS THIS PLACE UP AGAIN!
AND NEXT TIME YOU FALL DOWN A HOLE, GALEN...I THINK I'LL LEAVE YOU THERE!
THE END.

THE CAPTIVE

"I DON'T think I can go on any further!" said Galen, gasping as he sank to the ground, stretching out on his back and sucking in great gulps of air. "It's all very well for you two, but us chimpanzees weren't built for running . . . not all day, day after day, anyway."

"I guess he's right, Alan." Pete Burke sat down on a nearby rock. "I think we could all do with a break."

Alan Virdon thoughtfully scanned the horizon. Nothing but hills covered in wild scrub as far as the eye could see, with a few trees dotted here and there. And although the sun was going down now, he knew that its heat had drained a lot of energy earlier in the day . . . from all of them. It



was time for a rest; and this seemed as safe as any other spot. A couple of hundred yards to his left, he noticed a small stream trickling through a clump of trees.

"Come on Galen," Alan said wearily. "One last effort to get to those trees . . . then we'll stop."

Grabbing Galen's arm, Burke hauled him to his feet and slapped him on the back. "Let's go, little buddy. Even if you can't walk . . . at least you can crawl."

"Crawl?" Galen looked at him in mock indignation. "I thought gorillas made hard enough task masters! I'd hate to think what would happen if you humans were running things . . . !"

Quenching their thirst from the stream, the three of them stretched out on the bank, luxuriating in the cool shade beneath the trees. Half an hour passed in silent relaxation. Then the yawning void in Galen's stomach overcame the ache in his legs.

"I've got to find something to eat," he announced, sitting up slowly.

Burke smiled. "Make mine an inch-thick New York Burger and a six-pack of beer."

"New York Burger? Six pack?" Galen looked at them quizzically. "I was thinking of nuts and berries . . . maybe a couple of roots . . ."

"Nuts and berries?" Burke grimaced horribly. "Roots? Ugh!" Galen got to his feet, and started moving off between the trees.

"Not too far, Galen." Virdon cautioned. "Stay within shouting distance."

"Mmm . . . yes," Galen replied absently, his mind only on food. "Won't be long."

Leaving the cover of the trees, Galen looked round. Close at hand, there didn't seem to be anything particularly hopeful . . . just scrub, burnt dry by the sun. But up near the crest of the hill was another clump of trees. That might be more like it. Wearily, he started climbing.

The trees proved to be another disappointment, though. There were a few berries forming, but they were green and unripe . . . quite inedible. But the sight of them only made him hungrier than ever. He moved to the top of the hill, looking down into the next small valley. This looked better. The slopes were steep, but the narrow, twisting depression had many more trees and bushes, growing strongly, sheltered from the burning sun. Grinning, he scampered towards them.

Completely forgetting Virdon's instructions, Galen hurried through the trees, grabbing the occasional berry here and there, always moving on, looking for the one big tree that would give him a feast all on its own. The shadows lengthened.

A delicious smell of stewing fruit suddenly assailed his nostrils. He knew it was dangerous, that it was madness to get any closer, but that aroma, and his hunger, drove him forward. It

might, after all, be a couple of humans . . . or even a senile old chimpanzee . . . someone who he could either order or beg to give him food. He owed it to his stomach to have a look, if only to make sure.

His sensitive nostrils led him closer, pushing silently through the thick undergrowth towards more trees. At last he was near enough to push aside a branch and see who the strangers were . . .

He froze in horror.

Urko sat by a small fire, in the middle of a clearing, looking moodily at the stewing fruit. Around him, half a dozen big, mean-looking gorillas sat polishing their rifles, exchanging barrack-room jokes in harsh guttural voices. Horses, tied to nearby trees, nibbled quietly at the leaves.

This was not a healthy place to be, and Galen knew it. He turned, starting to move away again through the brush. He had to get back and tell Pete and Alan.

Galen took about two paces, and then stopped. A rifle barrel thrust toward his face, and holding it was a huge gorilla sentry, his lips pulled back in a half-smile, half-snarl. Despondently, Galen put up his hands, and turned to walk back to the camp.

Urko got to his feet, surprised, as the sentry pushed his captive into the clearing. A horrid grin spread across his face.

"Galen! I knew I'd catch up with you in the end, you snivelling little traitor . . . but I didn't think you'd just walk into my arms!"

Galen looked at him, unspeaking, and held out his hands as another gorilla came forward with a length of rope. But before the soldier could tie his hands, Urko had closed in, thrusting a pistol in his face.

"Where are the humans? Burke and Virdon . . . they must be around here somewhere! Tell me . . . and I'll see that the worst that happens to you is a quick death!"

Galen set his jaw defiantly, and tried to stare into Urko's eyes, unspeaking. The gorilla leader slapped him across the face, hard.

"Well," Urko growled. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Could I have something to eat, please?" Galen replied softly.

* * *

Virdon got to his feet, going over to the stream to splash water on his face, then moving to the edge of the trees to take a look round.

"Galen's been gone far too long," he announced. "And there's no sign of him . . . maybe we ought to take a look round."

"Aw, come on, Alan. He's a big chimp now! He can look after himself."

One sharp look from Virdon revealed that he was seriously worried. Burke got to his feet and went over to join him.

"I think he set off this way," said Burke, pointing toward the top of the hill, and the valley

on the other side was shrouded in shadow. But there was still light enough to see what was happening.

Urko and his gorillas were riding out of the trees, and behind them, stumbling, walked Galen, a rope from his wrists leading to one of the saddles.

"Oh, that's just *beautiful!*" Burke breathed, in mingled horror and admiration. "He couldn't get himself captured by just any old gorilla . . . he had to choose Urko!"

But Virdon was in no joking mood. "Come on . . . we'll have to follow them. Somehow we've got to rescue him . . . and we've got to know where they're taking him first."

The two fugitive astronauts started along the hilltop, crouching low to avoid being seen. Burke suddenly tapped Virdon's shoulders, pointing down into the valley below.

"That's a break," he whispered. "They're splitting up!"

And sure enough, Urko and four of the gorillas were turning back, leaving only two to escort Galen to his unknown destination.

"Maybe we can jump them 'em!" Burke suggested.

Virdon shook his head. "This isn't a break . . .

this is trouble. Urko and the others are obviously hanging back to look for us. They'll know we're nearby."

Even as he spoke, Urko and his troopers split up, riding off in different directions to search. Burke and Virdon scampered toward some trees, then stopped to watch.

One of the gorillas rode straight up the hill toward them, rifle held at the ready. Taking live captives didn't seem to be foremost in his mind. Burke and Virdon flattened themselves in the undergrowth, hardly daring to breathe.

Virdon started to feel cramped, but knew he had to stay perfectly still as the gorilla rode back and forth, looking everywhere, obstinately refusing to move away. And with every second, he knew that Galen was moving further out of reach.

Finally, after it seemed that hours had passed, the gorilla rode further along the hill. Burke and Virdon got to their knees, looking round carefully. The coast seemed clear ... at least nearby. Crouching, they started running after Galen.

"No chance of jumping them now," Virdon whispered, when they had covered about a hundred yards. "We'll just have to see if we can find where they're taking him ... then see what we can do."

Another passing gorilla caused further delay, and then they were able to move on again. As the sun was setting, they finally caught sight of Galen and his captors once more.

But they also saw Galen's destination, as well. A small village, with a few humans, returning to their huts after a hard day's labour in the fields. And there was also a building ... obviously the prefect's house, with a cell built into a big rocky outcrop at the back. Burke and Virdon could only watch in despair as Galen was thrust through the doorway and locked in.

The fading twilight gave them a chance to survey the village and its surroundings. It lay in a horseshoe shaped valley, with gently sloping hills on all sides but one. Fortunately, it didn't seem too heavily guarded. A few gorillas could be seen, but there was no compound round the prefect's house and the cell, as they had seen in other villages.

"Only way we're going to get down there is with some kind of diversion," Burke said. "One of us goes down, the other stays up here."

Virdon looked round, moving away, trying to find something to use. The brush rustled against his legs as he walked.

"That's it!" he said suddenly. "There's been no rain here for days ... this undergrowth will burn like crazy. And when the apes come up to see what's going on, one of us goes down and gets Galen."

"Just like that! Sounds so easy ..." Burke smiled ironically. "Who's going down there? We could draw straws, I suppose ... but you always win at that ... why bother? I'll go down ... you play the pyromaniac!"

"Okay, listen," Virdon looked down at the village again. "I'll start the fire here, then circle round the hilltop to the other side of the valley. When you've got Galen, head off in that direction, and I'll meet you there ..."

"*If* I've got Galen! Okay, give me ten minutes before you start, then give it all you've got ..."

Burke turned and ran off into the shadows, heading down toward the village. It turned out to be harder going than he thought. His feet slipped on rocks. He paused every now and then as the bushes rustled, certain that every sound would give him away. And every time he looked back, he was sure he would see the skyline lit up.

But finally, he reached the outskirts of the

village, and crouched down behind a tree, waiting. A few seconds later, he saw the first light up the hill, and sat watching as Virdon moved swiftly along, leaving a trail of fire behind him. As the dry brush caught, the flames started spreading, leaping up high into the darkness. Very soon now . . . !

Suddenly, he heard the guttural voice of a gorilla, somewhere nearby. Immediately afterwards, there was the clanging of an alarm bell, and the prefect rushed out of his house,, more gorillas, all armed, gathering round him swiftly.

"A brushfire . . . and the wind's blowing the flames this way! Quickly, get up there and do something!"

At the prefect's command, the gorillas started to move out.

"What about the humans?" one of them asked.

"Leave them in their huts . . . they'll only try to escape if we let them out . . . " Burke heard the Prefect reply, then all the apes moved off through the smoke. Silently, Burke got to his feet and headed toward the cell.

One gorilla had been left on guard, and he now stood staring up at the rising flames, rifle held limply in his hands. Burke circled round behind h[illegible]

Throwing himself forward suddenly, Burke kicked the rifle, and it went spinning away through the air. But the gorilla reacted quickly. In what seemed like no time at all, he had a pistol out of the holster at his belt . . . but by then Burke had him, throwing an arm round the ape's neck, his free hand reaching towards the pistol.

Grabbing the ape's gun hand, Burke forced it downwards, raising his knee. He banged the gorilla's wrist hard against his knee, until finally his foe's fingers opened, and the pistol fell to the ground.

But as Burke kicked the pistol away the gorilla bent forward, using his gigantic strength to tumble his attacker over his shoulder. Burke hit the ground hard, and looked up to see the slow moving ape moving toward him ponderously. Burke had to move fast.

He leaped up, putting the full weight of his body behind a stinging left hand punch, then as the gorilla staggered, followed up with a right cross. Three more punches, and the gorilla went down for the count. Burke searched his body swiftly, found the key, and ran toward the cell door.

Inside, Galen sat passively, working his way through a bowl of fruit, pausing to wipe away the juice which trickled over his lip. The door crashed open.

"Pete!" Galen gasped in surprise. "What are you doing in here?"

"Getting you out, of course . . . come on . . . !"

Galen stooped to pick up a juicy plum.

"For cryin' out loud, Galen! Move it!" Burke took his arm and dragged him toward the door.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" Galen hissed, annoyed, as the plum slipped through his fingers. Together, they ran out into the night.

Already, the flames were starting to die down,

and Burke knew they had to move quickly. Running out of the village, they headed up the hill. But now Burke realised there was one disadvantage to their plan . . . the light of the fire would show them up as they made their escape. They would have to hurry.

The speed was not enough. Suddenly, as they neared the top of the hill, they heard horse's hooves, galloping towards them. A mounted gorilla reined in above them, training a rifle in their direction.

"Ha! The Prefect was right!" the gorilla growled. "He thought you might try to escape . . "

"Sorry, Galen . . . " Burke turned despondently to his friend . . . then turned back as he saw another figure, behind the gorilla.

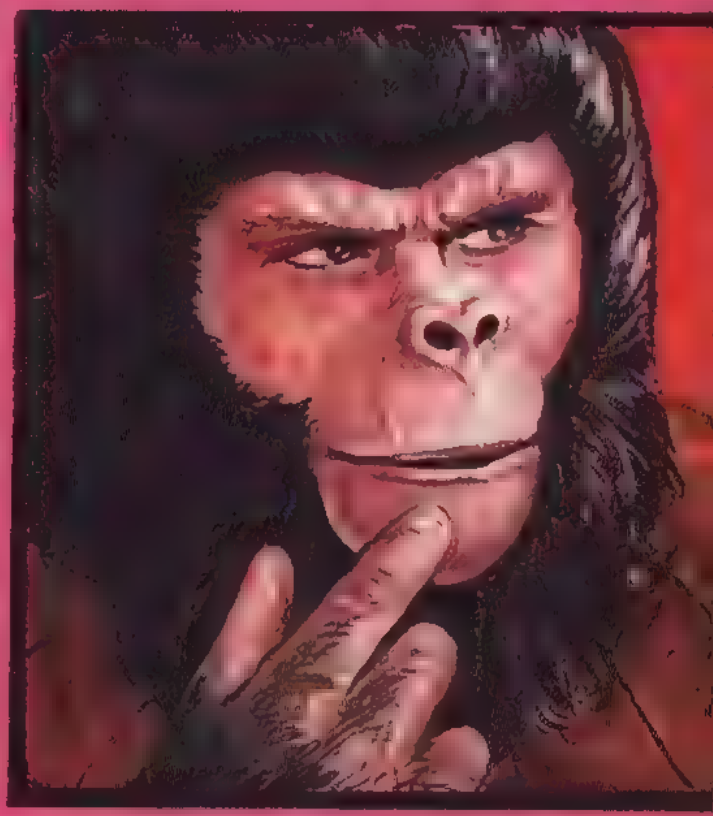
Virdon swung a heavy tree branch with all his strength. There was a dull thud, and the gorilla tumbled off his horse, landing heavily on the ground.

"Just like in the movies . . . " Burke grinned.

"Yeah, the cavalry always lands in the nick of time . . . " Virdon tossed the branch aside. "Okay Galen, time to start running again . . . unless you want to go back and spend some more time in that cell."

"I don't know," Galen said, mischieviously "At least in there I did get *fed* . . . with you, it's back to starvation again!"

Grinning, the three of them disappeared into the darkness .



PLANET OF THE APES SUPER FUN-FILLED ACTIVITY SECTION

Planet of the Apes proudly presents its super fun-filled activity section, guaranteed to bring each and everyone of you many hours of pleasure. In the next 20 pages you will find pictures to paint, crosswords and puzzles to solve and things to make, including four fantastic cut-out masks, plus some super stand-up models of all your favourite characters.

MAKING FACES

On pages 34, 40, 46 and 50 you'll find four super cut-out masks for you to make. All you have to do is tear the respective pages from the book, paste them down onto some thin card and then carefully cut around the images. Then cut out the eyepieces and punch a hole on either side of the mask. Put an elastic band through either hole, tying a knot at the ends so that they can't pull through, and then tie each loose end together. That's all you have to do.

JOIN THE DOTS

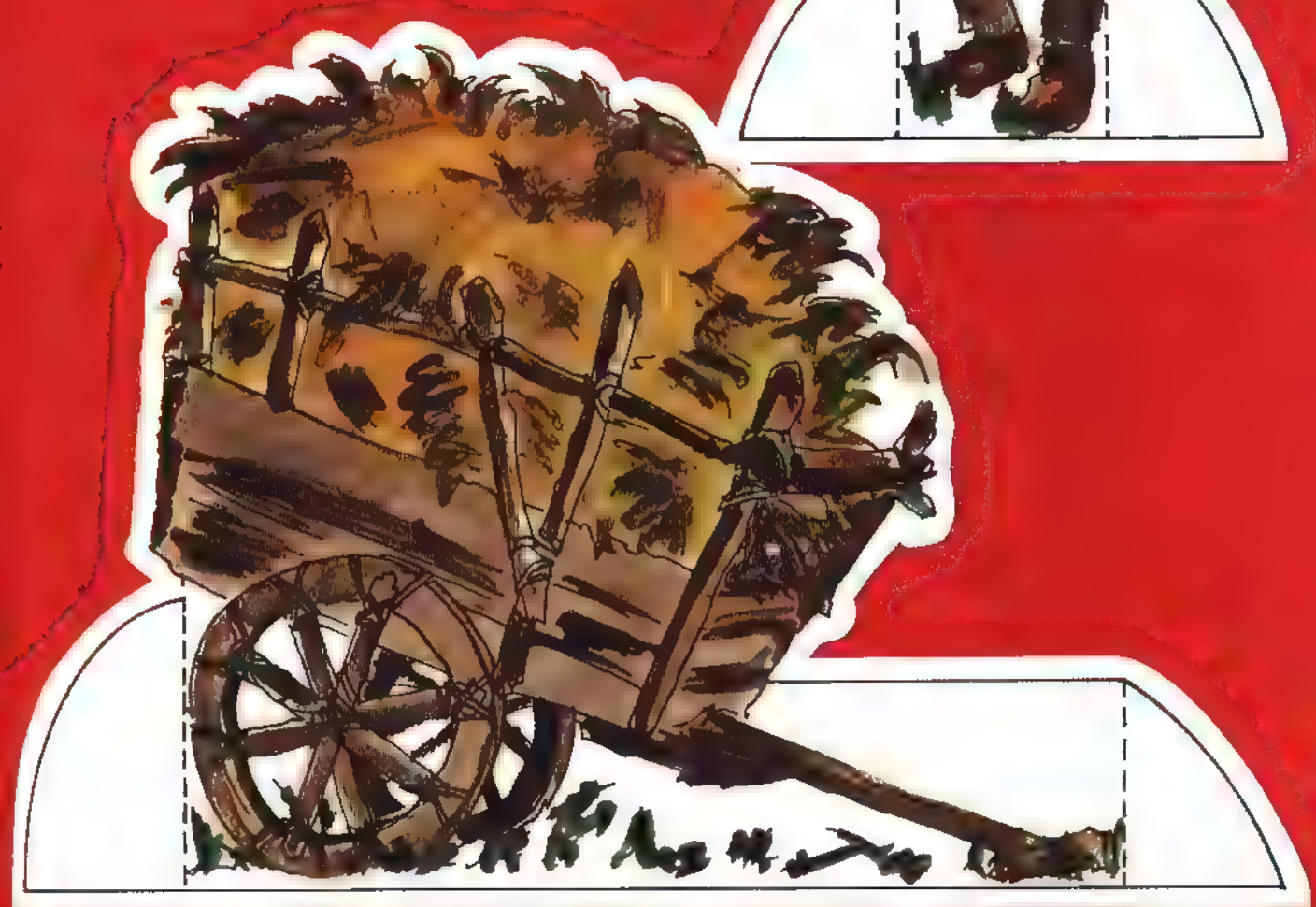
START
1
2
3
4 STOP TO WAIT FOR GALEN – MISS A TURN
5
6
7
8 CAPTURED BY URKO – GO BACK TO START
9
10
11
12
13
14 SHORT CUT THROUGH WOOD – GO FORWARD TO 20
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24 LOST IN DESERTED CITY – MISS A TURN
25
26
27
28
29
30
HELP VIRDON, BURKE AND GALEN ESCAPE FROM THE FORBIDDEN ZONE. ALL YOU NEED IS A DICE AND A COUNTER FOR EACH PLAYER. THROW A SIX TO START. FIRST HOME IS THE WINNER, DON'T FORGET TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SQUARES.

31
32
33
34
BURKE INJURED STOP TO REST - MISS A TURN
35
36
37
HELPED BY HUMAN - GO FORWARD TO 42
39
40
41
42
43
FIGHT WITH APES - GO BACK TO 36
44
45
46
47
48
49
STUCK IN SWAMP - MISS A TURN
50
51
52
53
54

PLANET OF THE APES COMES TO LIFE

How would you like to make your very own *Planet of the Apes* 'theatre' . . . you would? Then you can with these simple to make stand-up models seen here and on other pages in the annual. All your favourite characters are represented — Alan Virdon, Pete Burke, Galen, their arch-enemy Urko plus ape soldiers and pieces of scenery.

This is what you have to do. First tear the page from the book; then paste it down onto a piece of thin card (a cereal packet would be ideal); then carefully cut out each figure. When you have done this, fold along the dotted lines to make them stand up. When you have them all ready set them into whatever scene you wish.



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JOIN THE DOTS COLOUR THE PICTURE

PLANET OF THE APES COMES TO LIFE

WRITE DOWN THE FIRST LETTERS OF THESE OBJECTS AND FIND NAMES YOU KNOW

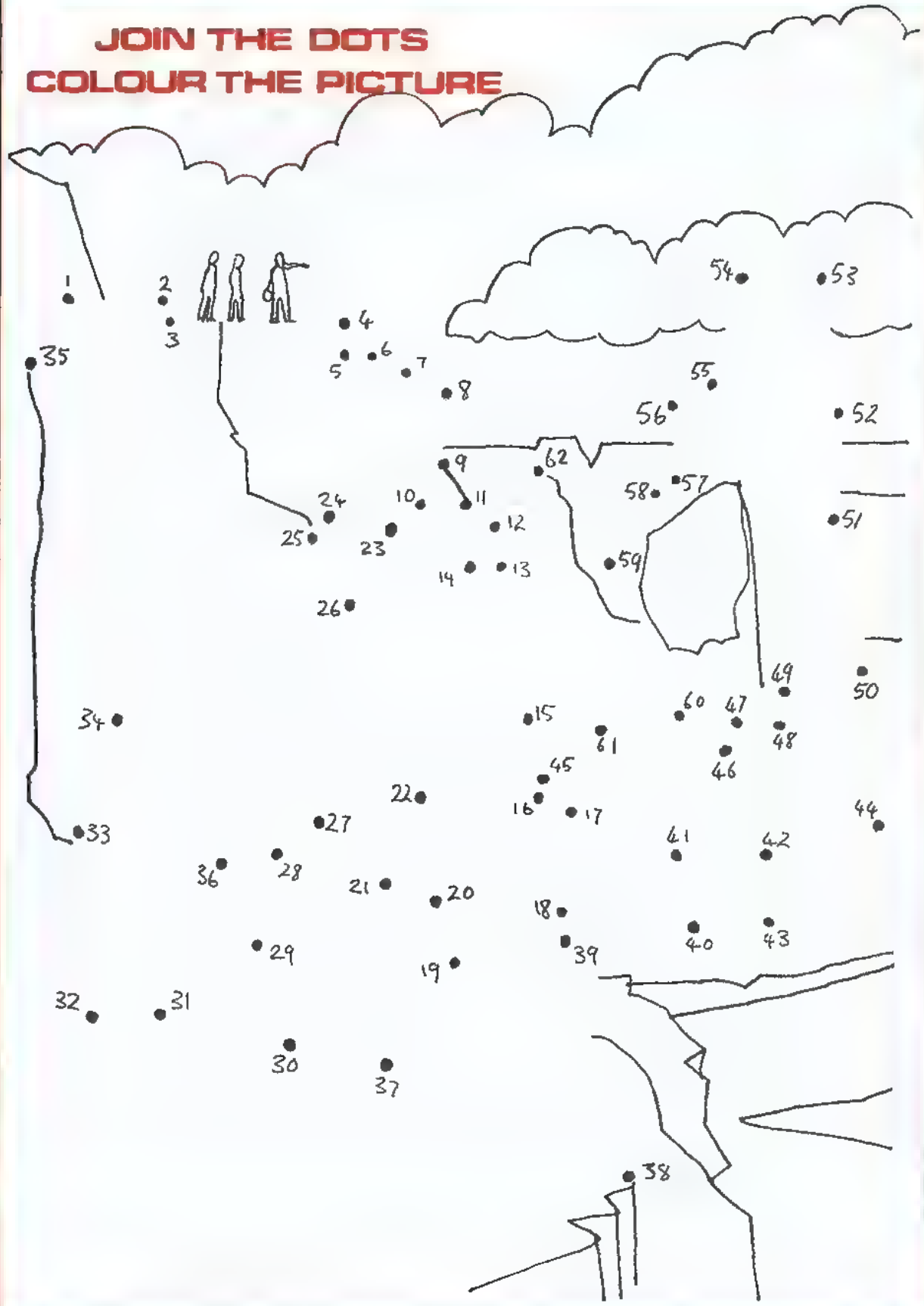
BURKE USES A CODE TO WRITE MESSAGES TO VIRDON. ONLY THEY CAN UNDERSTAND IT. YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT THIS MESSAGE SAYS USING THE DECODER.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

20, 26, 15, 22, 13 / 4, 18, 15, 15 / 15, 22, 26, 5, 22 / 7, 19, 22 / 23, 12, 12, 9 / 6, 13, 15, 12, 24, 16, 22, 23 / 7, 12, 13, 18, 20, 19, 7 / 25, 22 / 9, 22, 26, 23, 2 / 7, 12 / 15, 22, 26, 5, 22

HELP GALEN REACH HIS HUMAN FRIENDS

JOIN THE DOTS
COLOUR THE PICTURE



PLANET OF THE APES
COMES TO LIFE

PLANET OF THE APES
COMES TO LIFE

HELP VIRDON AND BURKE ESCAPE FROM THE CITY OF THE APES

SORT OUT THE NAMES

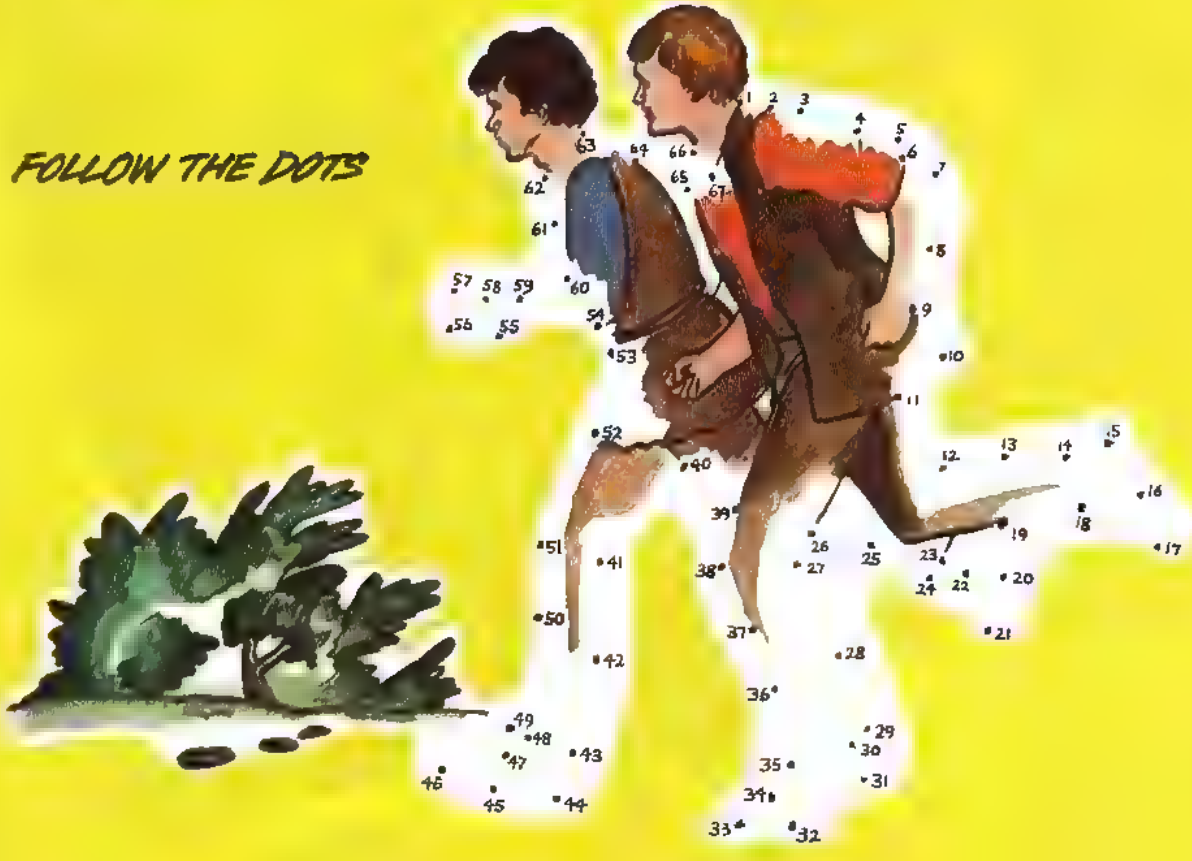
NIVROD

EKRUB

ELGAN

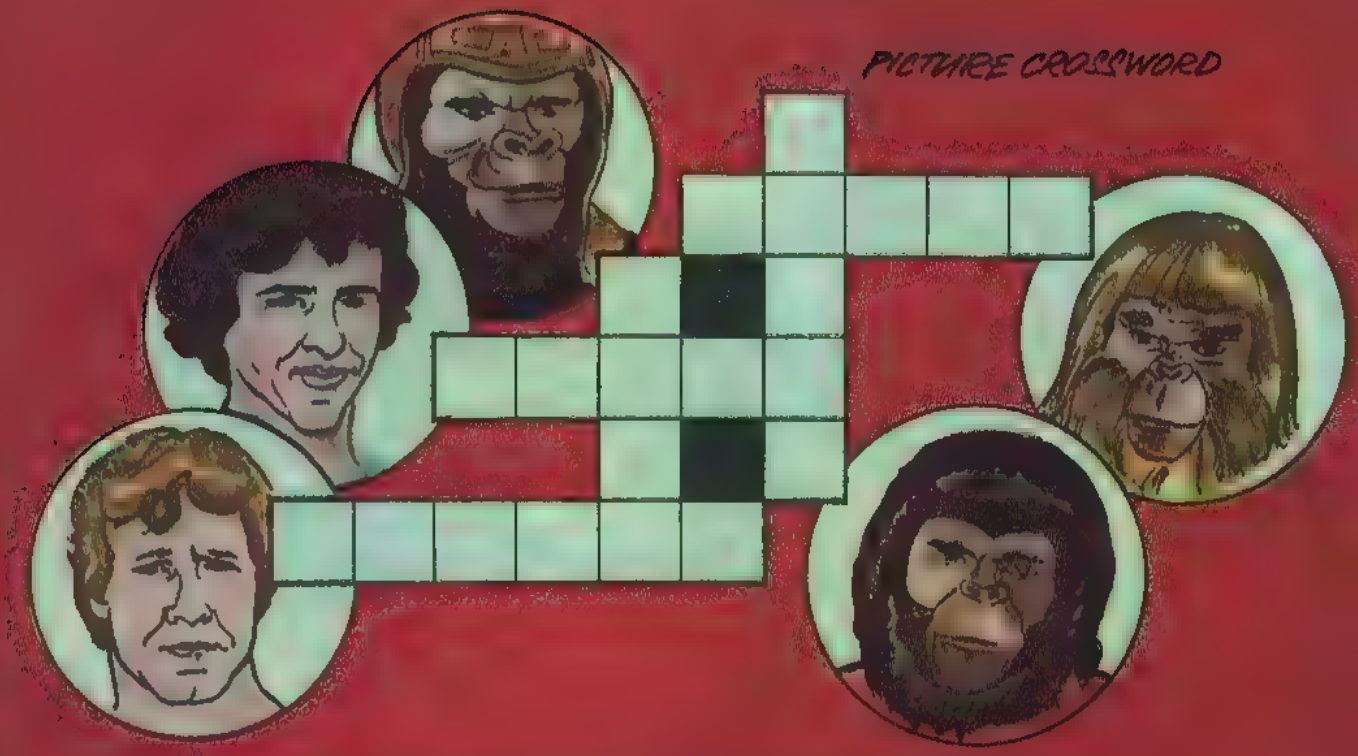
WHICH TWO ARE THE SAME ?

FOLLOW THE DOTS



PLANET OF THE APES COMES TO LIFE

PICTURE CROSSWORD

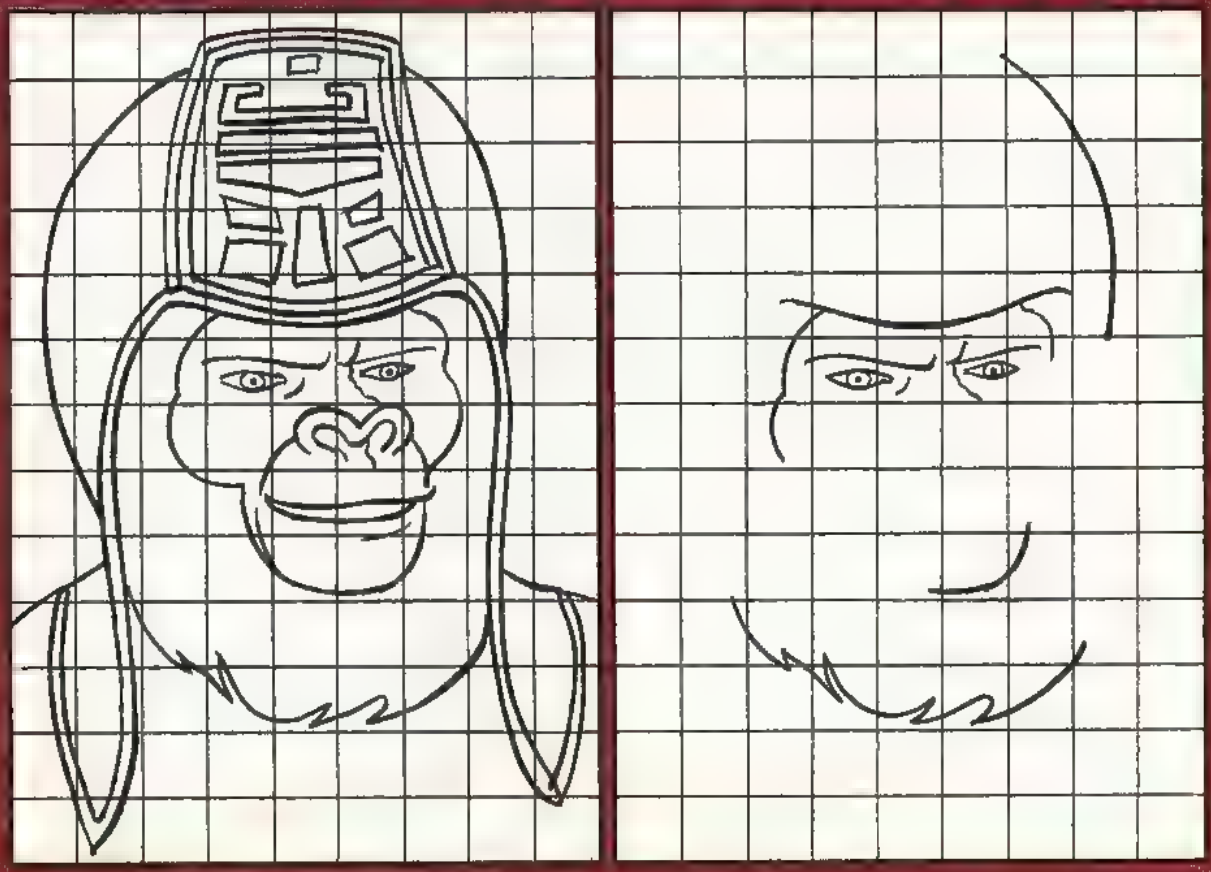


HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE ARE GALEN AND HIS HUMAN FRIENDS. THE APES CANNOT SEE THEM, CAN YOU?

COLOUR BY NUMBERS

1 ORANGE
2 RED
3 GREEN
4 BLUE
5 BROWN
6 YELLOW
7 BLACK

COPY THE PICTURE



HUNTING PARTY

"COME in!" Urko growled moodily, as there was a heavy pounding on the door of his Central City office. The thick wooden door swung slowly inward, revealing an armed gorilla aid.

"It's Hemming, the human spy..." the newcomer announced.

Urko wrinkled his nostrils, growling disdainfully. Humans! How much better the world would be if there were only apes, he thought. He pushed his maps aside, and took his pistol from its holster, laying it on the table.

"Send him in!" Urko grunted.

The gorilla stepped outside, and seconds later Hemming shambled into the room, smiling obsequiously, banging the dust from his clothes as he bowed slightly. Urko banged his pistol angrily on the desk, making Hemming jerk upright in fear.

"Well, wretch!" Urko snapped, "tell me what it is, quickly!"

Plainly frightened, but trying to make the best of the situation, Hemming drew closer, then stopped as he saw Urko looking at him impatiently.

"It's the humans you want, Burke and Virdon."

"Burke and Virdon!" Urko grunted. "What about them?"

"I've seen them . . . in our village. They're with the renegade, Galen. The other villagers are sheltering them. They're there now... at least, they were when I left . . ."

Urko got to his feet, showing considerably more interest. "So, they're in Zingu, are they? Good . . . *Trooper!*"

The door swung open rapidly, revealing the same gorilla, who snapped rapidly to attention.

"Assemble the troop leaders for briefing! We're going raiding!"

The gorilla allowed himself a brief grin of pleasure, then slapped his fist to his chest. "Yes, *Sir!*"

The trooper moved out of the office, and Urko started to follow him. Hemming grabbed his arm.

"Master, my reward!"

Urko shrugged off the grasping hands, sending Hemming tumbling to the floor. "Well?" he hissed through his teeth.

"My sister . . . she's doing surface work at the mines! I want her home!"

Urko grunted, nodding. These humans were sickeningly sentimental. But right now he had more important things to organise.

* * *

Some distance to the north, Burke and Virdon were returning to Zingu after a hard day's work in the fields. Glad of any kind of shelter and companionship, they had been more than willing to give whatever assistance they could in return. Galen not being cut out for farmwork, however, had had an easy week resting up and making a nuisance of himself around the village.

"Nothing like friendly natives..." Burke remarked lightly, looking towards the village women, coming back from washing clothes by the river.

"Yeah," Virdon agreed. "Especially in a village which doesn't have an ape prefect sitting on top of everybody all the time."

"Wonder why that is?" Burke said softly, then grinned. "Come on, let's see what 'old mother Galen's got cooked up for dinner!"

As they approached the hut which the old village headman, Berga, had set aside for their use, Galen came loping out of the doorway, and scurried toward them, looking worried.

"Pete! Alan!" he began breathlessly. "We've got to get out of here . . . !"

"Hey, hold on there, Galen!" Burke said, trying to hide his own apprehension. "Calm down and tell us about it — slowly."

"I've just heard from one of the workers coming home from the south. There's a big party of apes coming this way . . . mostly gorillas, he said . . . and they seem to be coming directly toward the village!"

"I knew it was too good to last! You're sure about that? Burke said desperately.

"Whether it's right or not, we can't take chances, Pete . . . you know that!" Virdon looked round, trying to think what to do. "You and Galen pack up our stuff and get ready to go. I'll tell Berga we're leaving . . . "

"So long, friendly natives!" Burke muttered to himself, as he followed Galen into the hut.

* * *

By the time the three fugitives were ready to leave the village, they could already see the torches of Urko's column, approaching through the evening twilight from the south. They headed towards the hills, north of the village.

"Must be fifty or sixty of them, by the looks of things," Virdon looked towards the lights.

"It must be Urko himself . . . " Galen whispered. "Only he would travel with that many troops. But why's he coming here? There's nothing in Zingu to interest him!"

"Only us . . . " Virdon hurried on, away from the danger.

"You think he *knows*?" Galen scampered after him.

"I wouldn't want to bet *against* it, pal!" Burke grinned half-heartedly.

They were getting out into the countryside now, approaching the hills. It looked like their luck might hold.

Two mounted gorillas suddenly appeared on the ridge ahead of them. Virdon pushed his companions aside, heading them toward some nearby trees. There was no sign of immediate pursuit, but he heard the apes talking:

"I'm sure I saw something move down there!"

"Probably just the wind! Besides, if there was anyone, they couldn't escape now . . . we've got the whole village surrounded!"

Virdon led the way, running along parallel to the ridge top. They had to keep moving, though they could hear the apes' horses moving to and fro nearby. If only there was some way through . . .

Galen suddenly fell, gasping to smother a cry. Rolling on the ground, he clutched desperately toward his foot, his face a mask of pain. Burke and Virdon hurried to him, taking his arms and hauling him to his feet.

"It's my ankle," Galen whispered painfully, "I think I've sprained it . . . "

"That's all we need." Burke looked round desperately. "Come on, Galen, we've got to get you out of sight."

Limping painfully, Galen leaned heavily on his friends as they supported him to a big bush nearby. Together, they crawled beneath the foliage. As gently as possible, Virdon pulled off Galen's boot. His ankle started to swell almost immediately.

"Is it as bad . . . " Galen winced, "as it feels?"

Virdon nodded, tearing a strip off his shirt and starting to bind up the ankle. "You're not going to be able to do any more running on that for a while . . ."

A couple of gorillas rode past, highlighting their predicament.

"We're going to have to leave you here, Galen," Burke said, when the coast was clear. "On your own, you might be able to hide out . . . and we'll come back for you later."

Galen nodded, realising it was the only way. It was hard to leave, but Burke and Virdon knew that they had to get as far away as possible if the chimp was to have any chance at all. They started running along the hill.

But there seemed to be no way out. Urko had planned well, surrounding the village in the darkness before his main party arrived. And now his troops were in the village itself, rounding up every human they could see.

In the centre of the village, Urko watched as the men were led past him, then taken over to join the women and children, under heavy guard. His prey were not among them.

"Put the village to the torch!" Urko shouted. "I want no hiding place left! And bring me the headman!"

Berga was hustled forward, looking round desperately as he saw his village going up in flames.

"Burke and Virdon!" barked Urko, "and the renegade chimpanzee. Where are they?"

"I've never heard of them." Berga's voice trembled with fear.

"Bah! Put him in the cage! And bring me my speaking trumpet!"

Riding his horse up the steps of the assembly mound in the middle of the village, Urko raised the squat, wide-mouthed megaphone to his lips, and shouted.

"Virdon! Burke! Listen! I know you're here somewhere! If you don't surrender, I'll have every villager in Zingu shot! I'll start the first batch in ten minutes . . and they'll all be women and children!"

A ripple of horror spread through the village . . . a horror that was also felt on the hillside, where Burke and Virdon could faintly hear Urko's booming voice. They looked at each other desperately.

"Looks like the end of the trail . . . " Virdon said wearily. "Because he really means it, that's for sure."

"Yeah, besides, after all Berga and his people have done for us . . . "

Despairingly, the two of them walked down into the village, and immediately found themselves surrounded by gorillas. In seconds, they found their arms lashed to their sides, while a mounted guard escorted them into the centre of the village. Urko waited, triumphant.

Nearby, the villagers looked at the saviours sympathetically, though their expressions were mingled with hatred for the apes. Virdon knew that it wouldn't take much more to set off some kind of riot, no matter how futile it might be.

"And where is Galen?" Urko's voice grated across his thoughts. "I want him as well!"

"We haven't seen him for days," Burke replied. "He went east to visit his sick mother."

Urko spat in disgust and disbelief. "Don't play games with me! You're dead men anyway . . . do you want the rest of these humans to die with you!"

"He just *told* you," Virdon said desperately. "We don't know where he is!"

Up on the hillside, the gorillas were moving slowly toward the village, and Virdon watched their torches, hoping against hope that they would pass Galen by. Seconds passed, but there was no cry of discovery.

"You're lying," Urko growled. "He never goes anywhere without you two!" Urko turned to a nearby gorilla. "Assemble the first batch . . . get them ready for shooting!"

Virdon knew they were in big trouble now, as he listened to Urko shouting through the megaphone again, calling for Galen. But Galen

wouldn't be able to surrender, although Virdon knew he would if he could. Twenty women stood, trembling, under the guns of the gorillas.

"I'm not waiting any longer!" Urko cried. "Come out now, Galen! Otherwise . . . "

Still there was no response. "Take aim!" Urko commanded.

A babble of confused shouts broke out among the crowd of men nearby. Suddenly, they were standing still and obedient no longer. With flailing fists, they launched themselves at their gorilla guards, surprising them, grappling with them before they could bring their rifles into play. Nearby a gorilla went down under eight men, all punching, kicking and biting.

Urko spurred his horse forward toward the melee, firing his pistol indiscriminately, brushing past Burke and Virdon, who tumbled down the steps of the assembly mound. But two gorillas still kept careful watch on them.

More gorillas now ran toward the riot, which was now spreading out, breaking up into knots of brawling men and apes. Three villagers ran toward Burke and Virdon, two of them leaping to grapple with the gorillas. The third had picked up a knife from somewhere, and while his companions kept the guards busy, he slashed through the captives' bonds.

As the gorillas shrugged off their attackers, Burke and Virdon leapt to the attack. There was nothing to lose now . . . it was live or die with the villagers. Swinging punches, Burke and Virdon burst past the guards, breaking free.

A gorilla raised his rifle, aiming toward a group of villagers who rushed toward him. Burke and Virdon tackled the ape in unison, Virdon diving for his legs, Burke grabbing his neck. Together, they wrestled their enemy to the ground, while a villager grabbed the rifle. As the ape struggled to his feet, the man broke the rifle butt over his head.

Making their way through the riot, Burke and Virdon reached the cage where Berga was held, and struggled to open it.

"Leave me!" shouted Berga earnestly. "There's nothing more you can do here . . . this is our fight now!"

"Oh, no . . ." Burke wrenched open the cage door. "This is our fault, and it's our fight, too!"

"It can't get any worse than it is now!" Berga said, imploringly. "You must escape while you've got the chance. Save your friend . . . go on, get out!"

Virdon saw Urko bearing down on them, riding hard. With a silent look of thanks to Berga, he and Burke hurled themselves into the jostling mob, getting out of the way.

The other gorillas were closing in from the hills now, which at least gave them a chance to get clear. But on the edge of the village, they still hesitated. People were being killed and wounded back there, and they felt responsible.

Then they heard the sound of more horses. Ape reinforcements . . . but these were being led by Zaius, the council leader. As they rode into the centre of the village, Zaius' voice could be heard:

"Stop this! Urko! Call your troops off!"

As the two sides separated, Zaius and his escort rode between them. The fighting had stopped for the moment, and that was all Burke and Virdon needed to make their decision. They slipped quietly out of the village, heading up the hill toward Galen. Behind them, they could hear Urko arguing furiously:

Zaius took Urko aside, out of earshot of men and apes alike.

"I've told you before, Urko . . ." he began, "You can't do this! What are you trying to do? Stir up a full scale human rebellion? That's more than even *your* life's worth!"

"But I tell you, Burke and Virdon are here in the village!" Urko shouted angrily. "I had them in the palm of my hand!"

Zaius looked at him shrewdly. "Very well! I'll try to calm down the humans. You and your troopers search again. And if you don't produce the captives in ten minutes, you're coming back to Central City to explain to the Council!"

"Council, bah!" Urko stalked away angrily, muttering. "The only thing humans understand is force! How am I supposed to run an army with a bunch of Orangs on my back . . ."

Back with Galen on the hillside, Burke and Virdon watched as the gorillas moved disconsolately out of the ruins that remained of Zingu. They knew nothing of Urko's failure to produce his evidence, or Zaius' ultimatum. But they knew that the arguments would go on for a long time . . . and Urko wasn't finished with them yet.

Breaking branches to make a stretcher for Galen, they prepared to move on . . .

PETE BURKE AND ALAN VIRDON HAD BEEN RUNNING ALL MORNING, WITH THEIR FRIEND GALEN. THE CHASE SEEMED NEVER-ENDING, AND THEY KNEW THEY WOULD HAVE TO REST SOON BUT...
SHIP OF FOOLS
A GORILLA! AND HE'S SEEN US!
THEN GET GOING, GALEN! FAST AS YOU CAN...!
BUT THEN, THERE WAS NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN...
THE PACIFIC...! I DIDN'T REALISE WE WERE THAT NEAR...
PERHAPS THEY DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE... PERHAPS THEY THINK WE'RE JUST ORDINARY RUNAWAYS...
TOO MANY 'PERHAPSES', GALEN! COME ON!
HE'S RIGHT... AT LEAST THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET THEIR HORSES DOWN HERE..!

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF...
A CAVE, ALAN! IF WE CAN COVER THE OPENING WITH SOME OF THIS BRUSH!
RIGHT, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! MOVE IT, GALEN!
BUT ALL TOO SOON.
OH-OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE!
THIS'LL HAVE TO DO! GET INSIDE, QUICK!
SECONDS PASSED LIKE HOURS
IF WE'RE LUCKY, THEY'LL RIDE PAST!
AND IF WE'RE UNLUCKY... WE'VE BUILT OURSELVES A CUTE LITTLE TRAP!
LADY LUCK WAS SMILING THAT DAY. WHEN NIGHT FELL...
WE'LL MOVE ALONG THE BEACH... SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND...
SOME FOOD, I HOPE... I'M STARVING!
SOON.
LISTEN! SOMEONE'S WORKING, UP AHEAD... LIGHTS, TOO!
BOK! BOK!
BUT ARE THEY MEN OR APES? STAY HERE, GALEN. WE'LL SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!

AND SO
A SHIP! A BIG, SEA-GOING SHIP!
WELL, THIS IS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE APES, THAT'S FOR SURE!
THEY DECIDED TO RISK A CLOSER LOOK. BUT
STRANGERS! KILL THEM BEFORE THEY GIVE AWAY OUR SECRET!
HEY! HOLD IT! WE'RE WITH YOU! WE'VE BEEN RUNNING FROM THE APES FOR WEEKS!
AFTER MUCH EXPLAINING, BURKE MANAGED TO PERSUADE THE MEN THEY WERE FRIENDS...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS CAN'T BE FOR THE APES, SURELY?
OF COURSE NOT! WE'RE FISHERMEN.. AND WE'RE GOING TO ESCAPE... SAIL ACROSS THE SEA TO A BETTER LAND IN THE WEST!
BUT THEN.
LOOK! AN APE! I FOUND HIM HIDING ON THE BEACH!
A SPY! KILL HIM!
NO, YOU DON'T!
FWAK!
UUUGH!
HE'S WITH US... A FRIEND!

GALEN'S ON THE RUN LIKE US! HE WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY!
HE'S AN APE... AND THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GOOD APE!
A FIERCE ARGUMENT BROKE OUT.
YOU MAY BE THE LEADER, WERNER, BUT I SAY WE CAN'T TRUST THEM... ANY OF THEM!
IT'S MY DECISION, MILLER! TAKE THEM UP THE RIVER UNTIL I THINK WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.
AND SO, FURTHER UP THE VALLEY
HEY LUXURY! A CAVE WITH A DOOR!
A DOOR YOU'LL DIE BEHIND, IF I HAVE MY WAY!
HOW ARE YOU GETTING AWAY WITH IT? YOU CAN'T BUILD A THING THAT BIG WITHOUT THE APES NOTICING...
THE PREFECT'S SICK AND GONE TO CENTRAL CITY. THERE'S BEEN NO REPLACEMENT YET...BUT SAVE YOUR QUESTIONS FOR WERNER. HE'LL BE HERE IN THE MORNING!
SOON AFTER SUNRISE, WERNER ARRIVED, AND
WHAT...?
JUST SHUT UP, OLD MAN!
LISTEN, WERNER! IF WE WERE SPIES, WE COULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW AND BREAK OUT. BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO THAT!
DROP THE ROCK, GALEN.
WE TOLD YOU WE'RE ON THE RUN TOO! WELL, WE WANT TO COME WITH YOU! AND WE CAN HELP YOU!

WERNER WAS FINALLY PERSUADED. HE LED THE WAY BACK TO THE RIVER
AS YOU SEE, WE'RE ALMOST READY TO GO!
TAKE UP THE SLACK THERE! IF IT GOES TOO FAST...
IF THEY GET IT INTO THE RIVER... THAT DOESN'T LOOK TOO SAFE TO ME!
WE'VE SUPPLIES AND FRESH WATER FOR FORTY DAYS. WILL THAT BE ENOUGH?
BUT ALL WENT WELL.
WE DID IT! IT'S ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE FINALLY GETTING OUT OF HERE!
YES, WITH RAIN AND FISH ON THE WAY SET SAIL SOUTHWARDS, THEN YOU'LL PICK UP THE OCEAN CURRENT THAT'LL CARRY YOU CLEAR ACROSS!
BUT MILLER WASN'T EASY TO CONVINCE...
BUT THEN
SO YOU'VE LET THEM GO, WERNER! I TELL YOU THEY'RE SPIES!
YOU'LL STAY HERE UNDER GUARD UNTIL I PERSUADE WERNER TO CHANGE HIS MIND...
OKAY, FELLA... I NEVER WANTED TO CARRY THOSE SACKS ANYWAY!
AND IF WE COME WITH YOU, HOW COULD WE REPORT ANYTHING? HEY? TELL ME THAT?

SUDDENLY...
APES! THE PREFECT'S COMING BACK...AND HE'S GOT SOLDIERS WITH HIM!
THEY'LL KILL US IF THEY FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE NEED AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR TO GET LOADED!
TELL THEM TO HURRY... IF THEY COME HERE, WE'LL FIGHT!
VIRDON COULD SEE ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
THEY'LL NEVER STAND UP TO THE APES' GUNS.. BUT WE COULD LEAD THEM AWAY!
GREAT! WE GET SHOT INSTEAD OF THEM! STILL, WE HAVEN'T MUCH CHANCE EITHER WAY!
THERE WAS NO TIME FOR FURTHER TALKING.
THE SPIES! THEY'RE...
OOF!
THIS IS MADNESS! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GO WITH THEM!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS EVER SINCE WE FIRST GOT HERE!
AAARGH!
LOOK! THE STRANGERS! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
AFTER THEM! THEY'LL GIVE US AWAY!
NO! WE'D NEVER CATCH THEM! MAYBE THEY AREN'T..GET ON WITH THE LOADING! THERE'S NO TIME!

FURTHER UP THE VALLEY
OH-OH! I DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN THIS QUICKLY!
LOOK! TWO MEN AND A CHIMP! THEY MUST BE THE ONES THAT URKO'S AFTER! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
THE GAP CLOSED FAST.. TOO FAST.
PETE! LOOK OUT!
QUICK...TO THE CLIFFS!
YIIIIIII!
SORRY, FRIEND! NO TIME TO WIPE MY FEET!
UUUUURFF!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! BRING THEM DOWN! KILL THEM IF YOU HAVE TO!
FORTUNATELY, THE ANGLE MADE SHOOTING DIFFICULT...
THANKS, GALEN!
COME ON, HELP ME SHOVE THIS STUFF DOWN ON THEM!
DODGING BULLETS, THE FUGITIVES CUT OFF ANY CHANCE OF PURSUIT
GET BACK! WE'LL BE BURIED!
SOMEONE GET THOSE HORSES .. WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM WITHOUT THOSE!
THE NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR... WASN'T HE THE FIRST CHIMPANZEE TO DISCOVER THIS CONTINENT?!
CHIMPANZEE? IF I WASN'T SO TIRED, I'D THROW HIM TO THE GORILLAS!
LET'S MOVE IT! I WONDER IF WE GAVE WERNER ENOUGH TIME?
RIGHT, NOW I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE TIME WE'VE GOT! THEY CAN LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES!
AND, AS THEY HURRIED ALONG THE COAST..
THEY GOT AWAY THEN! BUT I WONDER...IT SEEMS FOOLISH, HEADING OUT THERE, NOT KNOWING WHAT DANGERS THEY MIGHT RUN INTO!
THEY SAID CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WAS A FOOL, TOO. BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, GALEN!
THE END

JOIN THE DOTS
COLOUR THE PICTURE

WHEN THE G

"I KNEW I should never have listened to your advice!" Pete Burke whispered, half-joking, half-desperate, as he huddled down as small as possible behind a bush. "The whole area's crawling with apes!"

"We had to go some place, didn't we?" Alan Virdon hissed back, watching a gorilla patrol riding off into the distance. "One direction could have been as good as any other . . ."

"Arguing isn't going to do us any good!" Galen said, mistaking the exchange as serious. "They know we're around here somewhere. We've got to get moving . . ."

Without waiting for an answer, Galen got up and dashed toward a boulder nearby, taking advantage of every available bit of cover. Grinning to each other, Burke and Virdon followed him. Moving along slowly, a few yards at a time, they tried to make as much ground as possible. Another gorilla appeared, not far off, forcing them to wait for several more nerve-racking minutes.

"I don't think I've ever seen so many gorillas!" Galen remarked as they started moving again. "The sooner we get away from here, the better. I wonder what could be going on . . . It can't just be that they're looking for us, surely!"

Burke and Virdon had no way of answering that. But they knew they had to either get out of the area or find a safe place to pass the night, only a couple of hours away now. Cautiously, they started walking again.

A village came into sight, some way ahead. It was a fairly ordinary looking place, several huts, an ape-Prefect's house, a compound with a small barracks building for a few gorillas. A few hundred yards away nestled the ruins of a building from the old days, sheltered by a clump of trees. The place looked remarkably well-preserved.

A patrol party of gorillas appeared in the distance, beyond the ruin, riding toward the village. Burke, Virdon and Galen watched them approach nervously, then they were surprised to see the gorillas turn, moving away from the ruin. After about a hundred yards, they changed direction again, moving parallel to the old building, and finally, when they were well clear of it, they turned back toward the village. It was all extremely puzzling.

"It almost seems as if they're afraid of the place!" Galen whispered. "It's very odd . . . I didn't think Gorillas were frightened of anything."

"That's just great, Galen," Burke answered. "But right now we've got more important things to worry about than what gorillas are afraid of!"

"Hold on a minute, Pete!" Virdon was still watching the gorilla patrol. "Maybe if we did know what they were afraid of . . . well, it'd be useful, to say the least . . ."

The gorillas had reached the village now, and slowly, weary workers were making their way back to the village from the fields. Virdon waved the others forward, and they started to creep along on an interception course towards one of the farmers.

Jess, a young, strong farmhand, made his way along the rough track, his boots crunching on the gravel. To him one day seemed pretty much the same as any other, one long round of working, eating and sleeping, with little or no change. But today was to be different. A hush whispered to him.

GHOSTS WALK

Hey! You! Come on over here! I want to talk to you.

Jess stopped in his tracks, looking at the bush in astonishment. Then a dark-haired figure rose slightly behind it, waving to him.

"Come on, man!" Burke urged. "Nothing's going to happen. Just a few words . . ."

Hesitantly, Jess looked round, then ducked quickly behind the bush, where he found Virdon and Galen also waiting. Virdon quickly explained that they were just passing strangers, then asked:

"What's that old building over there in the woods . . . and why are the gorillas afraid of it?"

Jess looked at him hard for a moment, then seemed to decide that it was all right to tell what he knew.

"That's our local god's house," he said innocently. "A great spirit lives there, and that is why the gorillas are afraid! Afraid of his power!"

Galen looked confused. "A great spirit? Well what kind of thing is it?"

Jess looked at him scornfully. "One like you would not understand! We take offerings to him each day, and when he is pleased, we see his lights in the ruins. Sometimes, he is even seen in person . . . a white shape who drifts along above the ground. That is when the apes are most terrified!"

"Some kind of ghost?" Burke queried. "But that doesn't seem to make much sense!"

Jess had nothing more to say. He had told them all they wanted to know, and now it was time to be getting back to his hut. Virdon thanked him.

"We may want to talk to you again, Jess," he added. "Maybe tomorrow . . . but please, don't tell anyone we're here . . ."

Jess looked confused. Galen got up and whispered:

"Secret mission! We're on Council business!"

Jess smiled, seeming to understand. He turned away and headed back to the village.

"Sure hope you said the right thing, Galen!" Burke said as he watched the farmer depart.

"It was the only reason I could think of!" Galen replied. "I suppose now you'll want to wait around and find out more about this place . . ."

"Got it first time!" Virdon started looking round. "We'll find some place to hide out until nightfall . . . then I want to see what these ghost lights look like . . ."

About an hour after dark, they saw the first signs of life in the temple since one of the villagers had been to leave a basket of food near the doorway. A pale, subdued light appeared in one of the windows, waving slowly up and down. A few seconds later, a second light appeared by the side of the first, and they began moving together, weaving intricate patterns around one another.

"What do you think they are?" Galen whispered, pointing towards the lights.

"I'm not sure, Galen," Virdon strained his eyes. "They're not torches. The light's too diffused for it to be a naked flame . . ."

"Okay, so let's take a closer look," Burke got to his feet.

"Do you think we should?" Galen asked, a little nervously.

"We should . . ." Burke led the way toward the ruins.

The lights vanished back into the building as they approached, and the place seemed to go dearthly quiet. The food basket, empty now, rolled quietly back and forth in the grip of a playful night breeze. Burke and Virdon led the way toward the door.

As they looked around cautiously, Galen came up behind them, pushing between them to see what was going on. He craned his neck forward, sensitive eyes searching for some sign of life in the darkness.

A shower of water splashed over his head. Galen gave a short cry, then stifled it rapidly. He looked round at Burke and Virdon, wiping at his fur with one hand. They were both grinning. Burke pointed up into the darkness above the doorway. A suspended bucket with a pull-rope swung creakily back and forth, dripping.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by booming, hollow laughter, seeming to come from a great distance away. After a while, when it became obvious that the three explorers showed no intention of going away, the laughter changed to a deep, solemn mouning sound.

With Galen hanging back slightly, Burke and Virdon moved cautiously into the darkness, heading deeper into the ruins. In the gloom, there was a sudden flapping, and something screeched and fluttered against Burke's face, while he felt claws rake at his sleeve as he fended it off. A shadowy figure moved away silent in the shadows.

"Somebody's luring chickens in or something," Burke exclaimed.

Virdon quietened him down, whispering. "Of course, it's all simple stuff . . . but it'd be enough to keep any ordinary human away . . . and the gorillas, too! Somebody wants to be left alone here . . . and I want to know why!"

They groped on through the darkness, following the figure they had seen. Turning a corner, they found themselves facing a curtain drawn across a doorway. Chinks of light were visible at the edges. Burke stepped forward and pulled the curtains aside.

Some kind of workshop lay before them, and a man dressed in a long white robe stood in the middle of the room, holding something that looked like a primitive bomb. He looked up in surprise, then despairingly put the bomb down on a bench.

"Ah, well," he sighed. "Not much point in setting off my smoke mixture now, is there? Nothing's going to scare you three away."

At that moment, not far away in the village, a gorilla patrol group rode in, ten-strong. The local gorillas moved forward to tend to the horses while the leader made for the Prefect's house, asking for all humans to be rounded up for questioning.

"We're looking for fugitives!" the gorilla announced to the assembled villagers. "Two humans and a chimpanzee. If any of you have seen them round here, you'd better speak now!"

A buzz of subdued conversation spread through the humans. Then Jess stepped forward, moving quietly toward the gorilla leader.

"There were two men and a chimpanzee here earlier," he said innocently. "They said they were on a secret mission, but I guess it's all right to tell you . . ."

"Secret mission?" the gorilla snarled in disbelief. "What foolishness is this? Where are they?"

Somewhat taken aback, Jess replied. "They seemed interested in the old ruins. But no-one would dare go there after dark. The spirit would punish them . . ."

The ape took one final look at Jess, not understanding. Not being stationed here, he knew nothing of the local gorillas' fear of the place. He ordered his troopers to mount up.

They rode out towards the ruins . . .

* * *

"So all I wanted was to be left alone to carry on with my inventing . . ." Gulik explained, as he showed his visitors round his workshop. "That's why I pretend to be the spirit . . . I get fed, and no one bothers me . . ."

"But, Gulik," Virdon tried to reason with him. "With a mind like yours, you could be helping your people . . . making life easier for them . . . instead of coming up with new toys all the time . . ."

"Look at this!" Gulik hadn't been listening to a word Virdon had said. "I found two old bits of mirrors. With one at the top of the tube above the roof and one down here, I can see everything that's going on outside . . ."

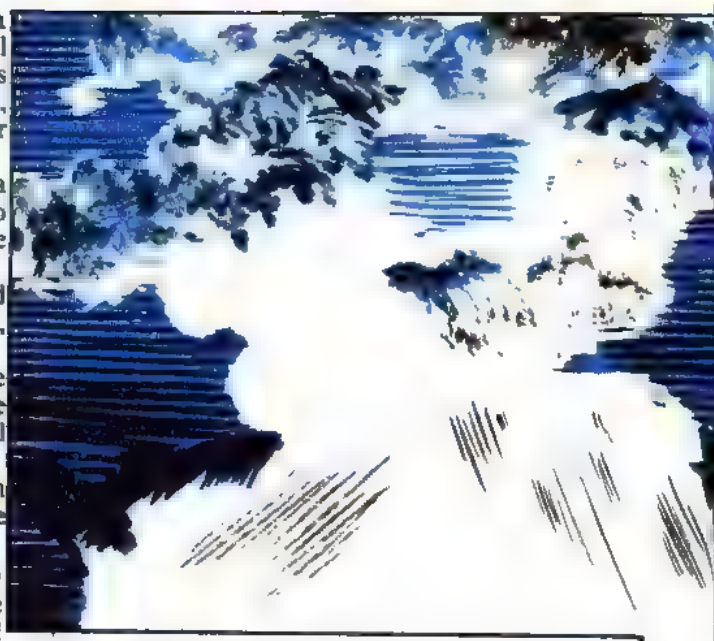
"So you built yourself a periscope," Burke remarked tiredly. "Now all you need is a submarine to go with it . . ."

But now Gulik had seen something through his periscope that finished off any further argument.

"There's a party of apes, riding this way! They must be from another village . . . they don't seem to know about this place . . ."

"But I figure they must know about *us* . . ." Virdon said. "Come on, Gulik, get your ghost gear out. We're going to help you scare them off!"

Gulik seemed suddenly transformed from an absent-minded inventor to a powerhouse of energy. In seconds, he had assembled his materials . . . long white robes, bags of flour, his 'ghost lights' which turned out to be no more than candles held in a large round paper lanterns, and



much more. Together, the four of them prepared to deal with the threat . . .

The gorillas reined in a short distance away from the ruins, surveying the area carefully. Suddenly, one of them pointed toward a window. Two round soft lights had appeared, and seconds later, there was a low, booming growl.

"It's some kind of huge beast!" One of the gorillas shouted. "Look at those giant eyes . . ."

But the leader was not to be scared off that easily. Raising his rifle, he let off two quick shots toward the ruins. The 'eyes' withdrew slowly into the shadows, the groaning stopped.

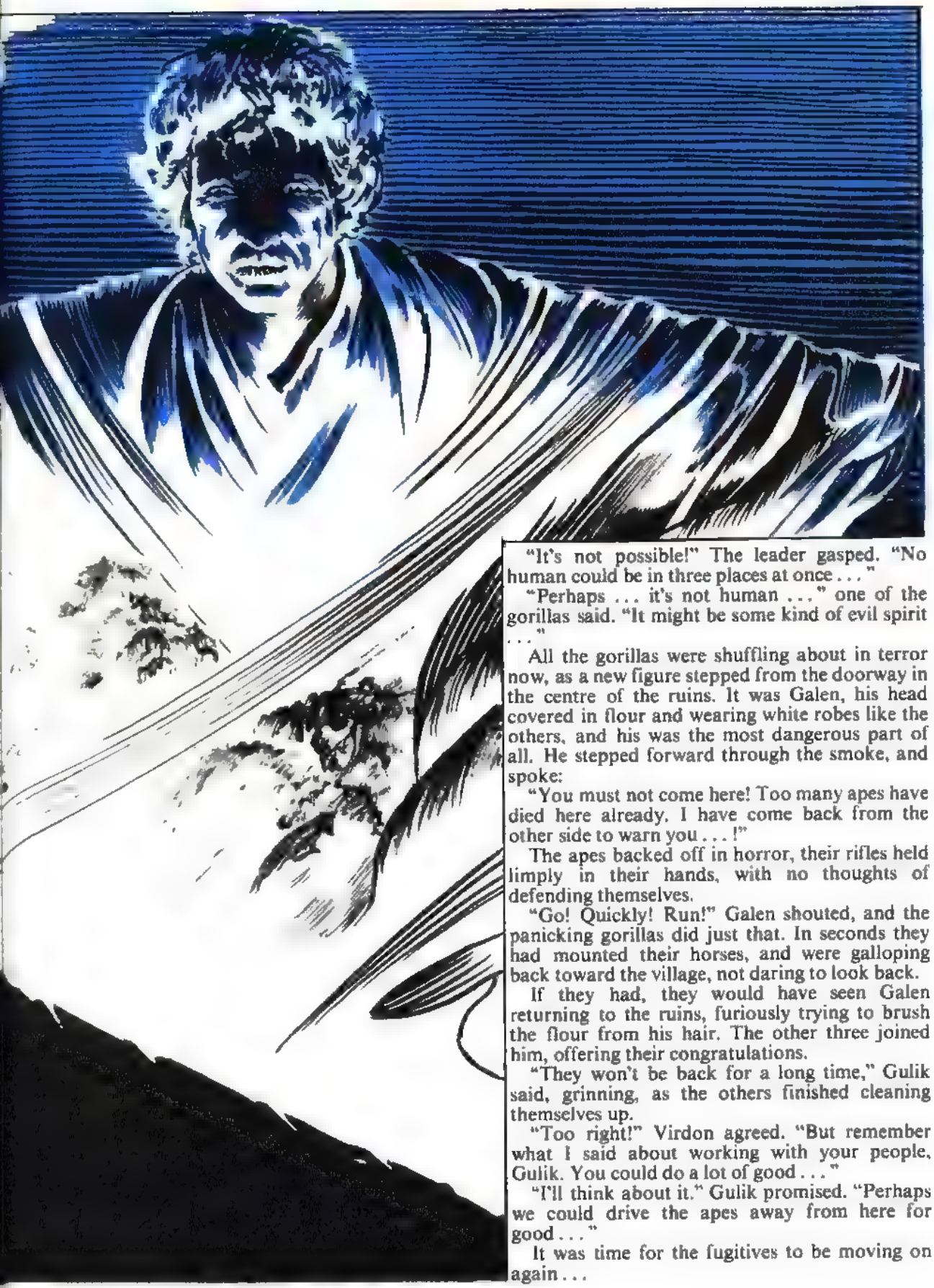
Dismounting, the gorillas moved cautiously forward. A horrid moaning now issued from the building, as well as various loud clacking noises. The apes looked at each other nervously.

Thinly at first, but thickening rapidly, smoke started to billow out of the windows and doors, drifting on the breeze. Gulik's smoke bombs were doing their work well. Coughing and choking, the apes held their ground, undecided what to do next.

As the smoke thickened, the moans continued Then, atop the ruins, half-shrouded by the billowing cloud, a figure appeared, white faced, white-robed. A light somewhere below threw ghastly shadows over the man's features. The 'spirit' howled mournfully.

Once again, a gorilla rifle spoke, but the aim was wild. Pete Burke, up on the roof, dropped rapidly out of sight. But before the gorillas could congratulate themselves, the 'spirit', this time played by Virdon, appeared at the side of the building, then, having shown itself, ducked out of sight.

Almost immediately, Gulik appeared at the other side of the ruins, made up like the others. He gave a hollow laugh, attracting the apes' attention, then the smoke billowed up, hiding him from view.



"It's not possible!" The leader gasped. "No human could be in three places at once . . . "

"Perhaps . . . it's not human . . . " one of the gorillas said. "It might be some kind of evil spirit . . . "

All the gorillas were shuffling about in terror now, as a new figure stepped from the doorway in the centre of the ruins. It was Galen, his head covered in flour and wearing white robes like the others, and his was the most dangerous part of all. He stepped forward through the smoke, and spoke:

"You must not come here! Too many apes have died here already. I have come back from the other side to warn you . . . !"

The apes backed off in horror, their rifles held limply in their hands, with no thoughts of defending themselves.

"Go! Quickly! Run!" Galen shouted, and the panicking gorillas did just that. In seconds they had mounted their horses, and were galloping back toward the village, not daring to look back.

If they had, they would have seen Galen returning to the ruins, furiously trying to brush the flour from his hair. The other three joined him, offering their congratulations.

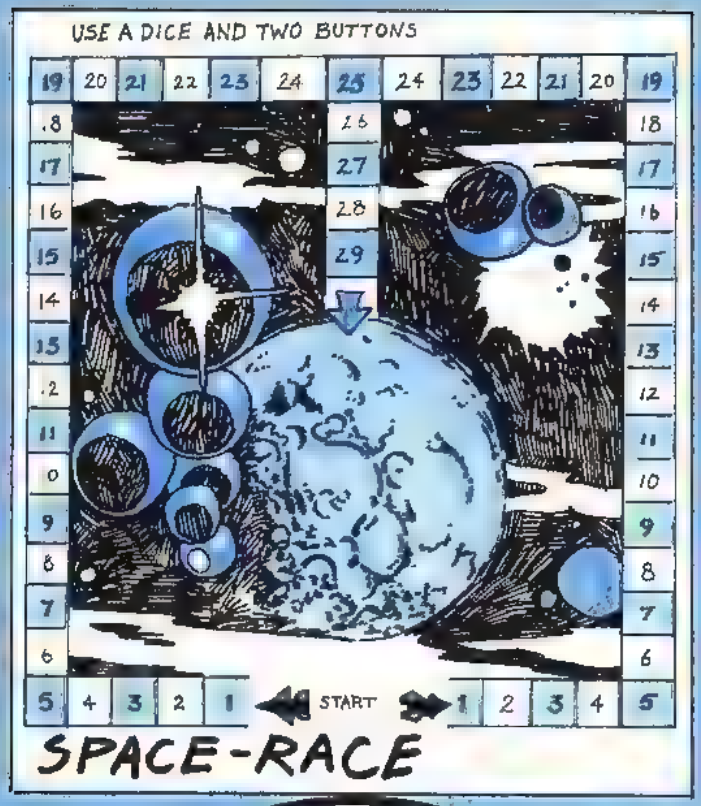
"They won't be back for a long time," Gulik said, grinning, as the others finished cleaning themselves up.

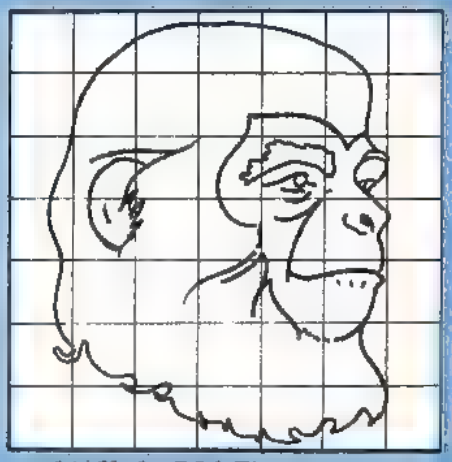
"Too right!" Virdon agreed. "But remember what I said about working with your people, Gulik. You could do a lot of good . . . "

"I'll think about it." Gulik promised. "Perhaps we could drive the apes away from here for good . . . "

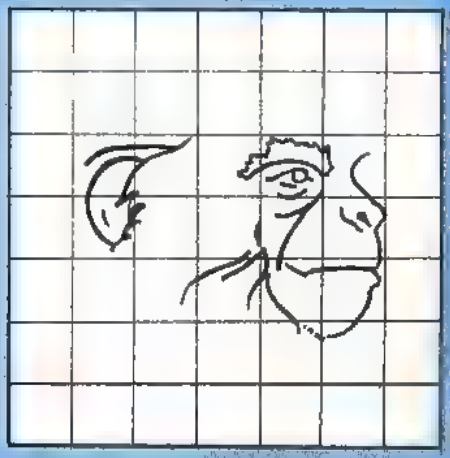
It was time for the fugitives to be moving on again . . .

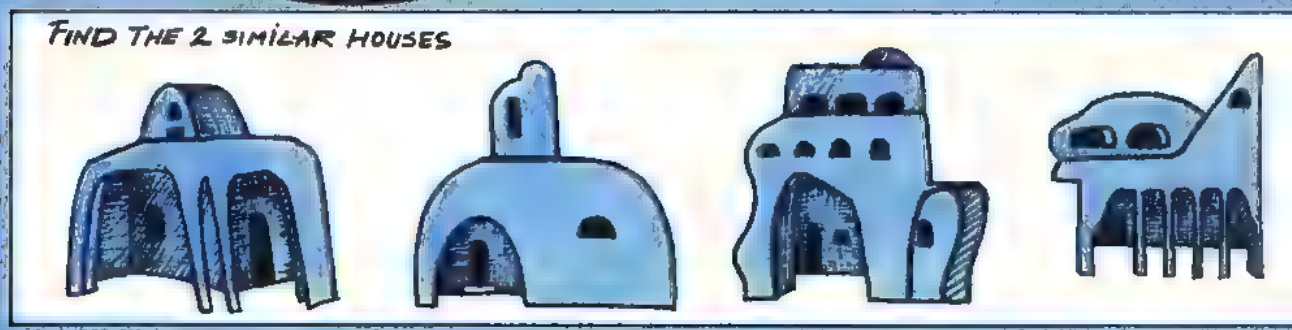
GAMES and PUZZLES





DRAW GALEN





Sort out the jumbled names

R O
G L
I L A

GORILLA

C Z P
H M E I E
P N E

CHIMPANZEE

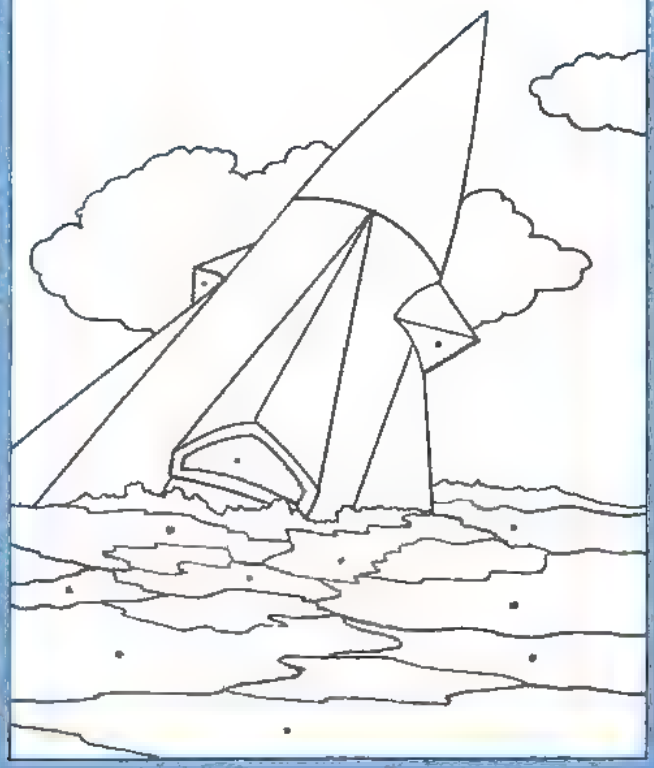
O R A
T A N
Z U
G G

ORANG UTANG

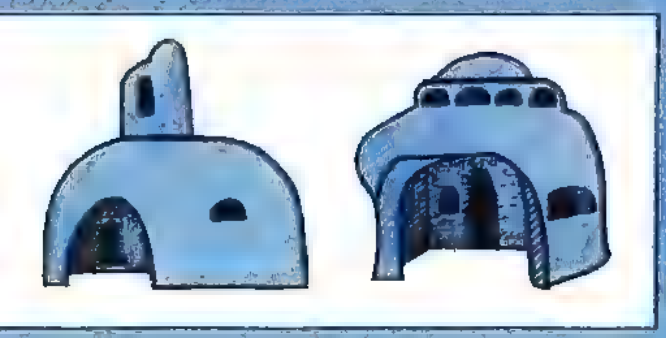
M Y
N
K
E O

MONKEY

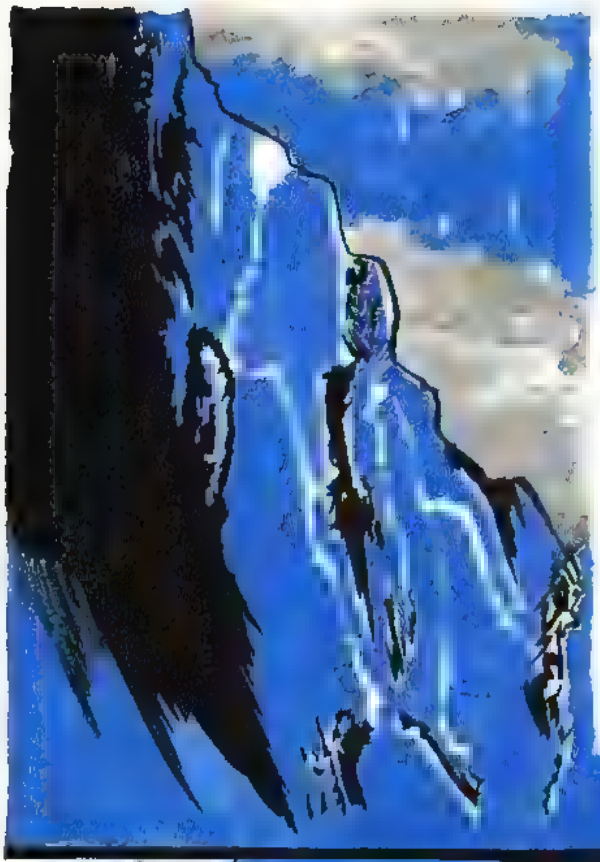
SHADE IN THE DOTTED AREAS



Make a face



Colour and cut along dotted lines to make a jigsaw puzzle



"MAYBE we're getting lucky," Alan Virdon remarked, as they made their way along the track, their boots crunching on the gravelly ground. "Have you noticed how few ape patrols we've seen in the last couple of days?"

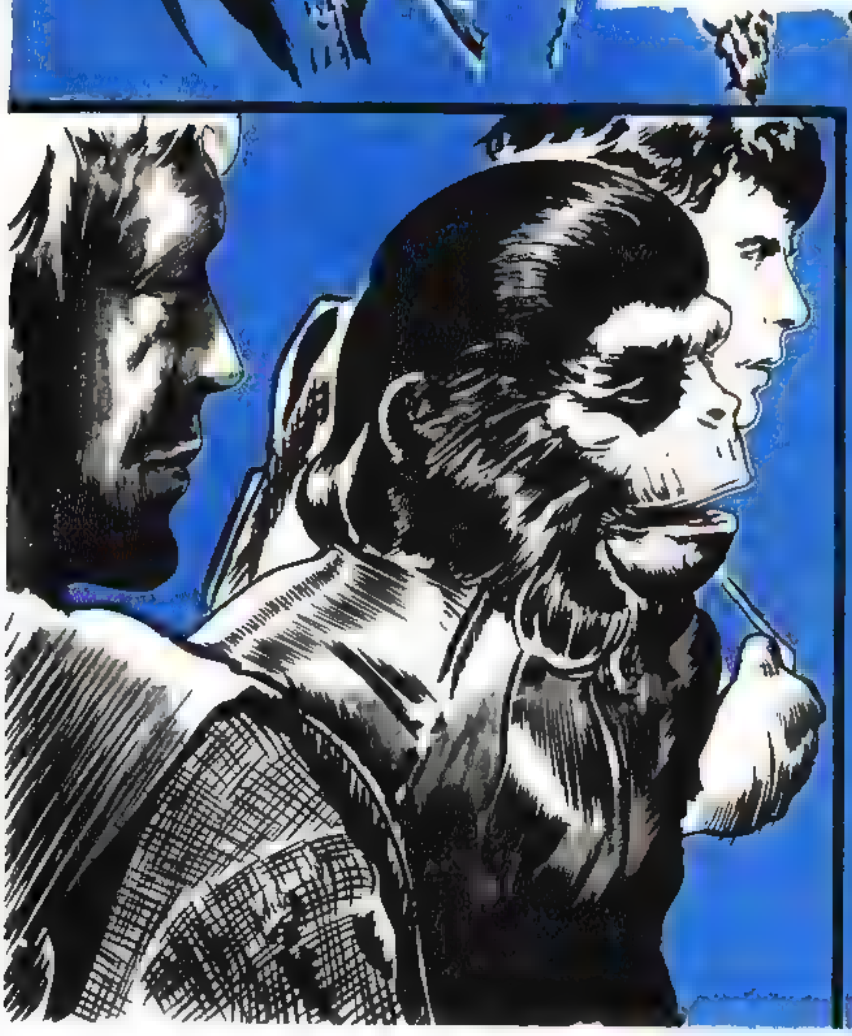
"We're a long way from Central City." Galen looked round, listening to the birds calling from the trees, enjoying the hot summer afternoon. "I don't know this part of the country very well. Maybe the government hold is a bit thin here . . ."

"Or maybe the apes crushed any idea of a human rebellion so well they don't have to keep everyone under their thumb anymore." Pete Burke remained cynical.

Suddenly, without any warning, they heard horses, and two gorilla troopers rode out from behind a nearby outcrop of rock, just ahead of them. They reined in a couple of yards in front of the fugitives, rifles held loosely over their saddles. There was no time to run . . .

Galen stepped forward nervously. The only thing left to do was bluff, and hope the gorillas would be as slow-witted as most of their kind. Burke and Virdon hung back, trying to look like respectful servants.

"What are you doing here, chimpanzee?" one



of the gorillas asked, gruffly, eyeing up Galen.

"A scientific expedition!" Galen thought furiously. "We've come up here from Central City to study the behaviour of humans in a more natural environment. My servants are here to help me make better contact with them."

The gorilla turned, looking thoughtfully at his companion, who, after a few seconds, nodded.

"Very well!" The gorilla grunted. "But don't go stirring the humans up to any trouble. Urko's decided this is a protected area. We don't want to have to ride in there and shoot anyone. If anything happens, you're on your own . . . "

Galen looked up at the gorilla, many questions forming in his mind. But the troopers kicked their horses into life, riding off rapidly down the trail. The three fugitives looked at them leave, utterly confused.

"A protected area?" Galen looked at his friends. "Does that mean they're letting the villagers do just what they want? Without any control at all?"

"It'd sound like a great place to be . . . if only they hadn't mentioned Urko's name! I say we get out of here fast . . . " Burke was quite definite.

Virdon disagreed. "We can't do that, Pete. If we just moved straight on, they'd realise that Galen wasn't telling the truth. Then they'd be on our trail again in no time . . . "

"So what do we do?" Galen was finding this more confusing by the minute.

"Only one thing we can do. Go into the village and spend some time there . . . so it looks like we're actually doing what you said. Then, with luck, we can move on again . . . " Virdon started down the trail again. The others followed.

Half an hour later, they saw the village ahead of them, and paused, sizing up the situation. It was a small place, with fifteen or twenty huts, and a larger, stone building. That would be the prefect's house, and yet they saw no sign of any apes. Most of the human population seemed to be farmers, and several small fields lay round the village. It all seemed peaceful enough . . .

Putting on a show, Galen took off his shoulder-pack and gave it to Burke to carry, then, with his 'servants' walking a respectful two paces behind him, he started into the village. The people looked at him curiously, but their arrival seemed to cause no fear or surprise. Galen headed toward the Prefect's house.

While Burke and Virdon stood quietly looking

around, Galen pounded on the Prefect's door. There was no sign of an answer. As he stood there wondering what to do next, an old villager ambled toward them, smiling.

"Can I help you, sir?" the toothless old man hissed quietly.

"Mmm ... yes, perhaps you can..." Galen tried hard to look and sound authoritative. "Where is the Prefect?" I'm visiting, and I wanted to pay him my respects..."

"Ah, young master, we haven't had a Prefect here for months! Hardly see any apes these days!"

"What?" Galen cried. "But ... that's monstrous! You mean, you're all running round here on your own. Without control?"

The old man seemed a little taken aback at Galen's outburst. He smiled again, and explained:

"We used to have a gorilla prefect. There were all kinds of trouble. Then one day the Prefect rode to Central City, taking young Cluf with him. And when Cluf came back ... well, we've had no more apes, or trouble, ever since."

"How very curious..." Galen said softly, trying to mask his joy at finding a place where they could stay for a few days without interference. "But how interesting! It's just the sort of place I need. I'm on a scientific expedition. I want to stay here for a couple of days and watch..."

"Watch what?"

"Why, everyday life! See how you humans react to one another . . . especially without any control! My servants and I won't be any trouble. Just give us somewhere to sleep, and perhaps a meal or two . . ."

Smiling, the old man stepped forward, turned the handle, and pushed open the door of the Prefect's house, gesturing inside.

"You may as well stay in the Prefect's house, then, sir! It might be a little dusty now, but I can get someone to clean it up for you . . ."

"No need to worry!" Galen stepped into the house, looking round. "My servants can clean this up . . ."

"Well, thanks a lot, pal!" Burke said, as he closed the door. The three of them looked round the inside of the building, seeing the dust that covered the floor, the furniture, everything . . .

"We've got to keep up appearances, Pete." Galen ran his fingers through the dust. "You are supposed to be my servants, after all! It shouldn't take long . . ." He smiled. "I'd help you, of course, but if any of the villagers should pass by and look in the window . . . well, it wouldn't seem right, would it?"

Shrugging wearily, Burke and Virdon put down their packs and, under Galen's watchful eye, began cleaning the place up. By nightfall, the chimp, who had been enjoying every minute of it, declared himself satisfied. His friends threw themselves down in chairs, exhausted.

Shortly afterwards, the old man came back, carrying a tray of fruit and fresh baked bread. Saying nothing, he left, and the three fugitives began eagerly devouring their first full meal of the day.

Virdon, tearing lumps of bread from a small loaf, got up and went to the window, looking out. The old man had stopped a few feet from the door, turning toward another villager, a young man with a long cloth bundle hung over his shoulder.

"The first lot of visitors have arrived, Cluf!" The old one announced.

Cluf looked surprised. "Already? I thought they weren't coming for . . . well, days, at least . . ."

"Ah, these aren't the ones you were expecting. It's a chimpanzee and his servants . . . at least they've saved us the trouble of cleaning out the Prefect's house . . ."

Cluf looked thoughtful, perhaps even worried, Virdon thought. But he said nothing further. Clapping the old man on the shoulder, he walked on out of sight.

Telling the others what he had seen, Virdon returned to the table to finish his meal. Some time later, they heard a shot, far away in the distance. Virdon got up again, going to the window. There was another shot, but no one in the village seemed to be paying much attention.

"We know there are gorillas out there somewhere," Galen said. "They're probably just getting in a little target practice . . ."

The shots continued, off and on, for another half hour. Then, when all was silent, Virdon got to his feet again, stretching.

"Early night for me!" he announced. "With something like an ordinary bed, I'm going to make the most of it . . ."

* * *

The next day dawned bright and clear, and Galen decided they had to put on some kind of show to back up their story, so with Burke and Virdon in attendance, he made morning and afternoon tours of the village and fields, observing quietly, asking whatever questions he could think of. Everything seemed quiet and normal, but they found out no more about the other apes that were expected.

That night, the shooting started again.

"I'm going out to take a look," Burke announced, after the second shot. "Won't be long . . ."

"Be careful, Pete," Galen warned. "If you run into any sentries, I might not be able to get you off the hook . . ."

Burke nodded, and moved out into the darkness, heading across the quiet village. Moving toward the sound of the gunfire, he found himself approaching a piece of thick woodland. It got stranger by the minute. No self-respecting gorilla would want to spend the night in a place like this.

Finally, in a clearing, bathed in moonlight, he saw the mystery marksman. It was Cluf, holding an ape rifle, a box of ammunition at his feet, taking careful aim at a round target hung on a tree nearby. Burke watched from cover as he fired, walked over to examine the target, returned and fired again. The target was too far away to properly see, But Cluf appeared well satisfied with the results. After a few more shots, Burke slipped quietly back to the village . . .

"*Cluf* is doing all the shooting?" Galen asked in disbelief. "But, why . . . ?"

"I don't know. But he's out there practising, and he's looking good!" Burke could see no possible reason.

"It must be something to do with Urko," Virdon said, after some thought. "He couldn't have got a rifle any other way without stirring up some kind of trouble. That might explain why Urko's given this village special status as well . . . but why?"

"Maybe these other visitors that they're expecting have something to do with it . . ." Galen looked through the window at the village. Nothing moved.

"Maybe so, Galen, but who would be coming out here anyway. Besides, we're not really in a position to ask about things like that without blowing our cover . . ."

Long into the night they discussed the

possibilities, but the problem seemed insoluble. There was nothing left to do but wait and see . . .

* * *

The following morning, there seemed to be some kind of excitement in the village, and Galen and his 'servants' stepped outside to see what was happening. It all seemed innocent enough, with the villagers sweeping between the huts, clearing things up, and so on. The old man who had been looking after their needs shuffled toward them, looking a little nervous.

"Sir . . . Sir . . ." he stammered, sucking in deep breaths between his lips. "We may have to ask you and your servants to move out of the Prefect's house, at least for a day or two . . ."

"What?" Galen put on a fine show of indignation, interrupting before the man could explain. He quailed visibly.

"It's Zaius, Sir . . ." the old man continued. "He and a couple of other council members are visiting the village, and we've just heard they'll be here in a few minutes."

"Zaius! What's he doing here . . .?" Now Galen's own composure was crumbling.

"This village is an experiment, sir, Zaius and the council decided to see whether humans could be left to handle their own affairs without too much supervision. Now he's coming to see for himself. I thought you would have known, coming from Central City . . ."

"Mmm, yes, of course," Galen bluffed. "I just didn't know he was going to be here today. We'll move our things, don't worry . . ." Galen turned rapidly, and Burke and Virdon followed him into the house, slamming the door behind them.

"Urko's making some kind of power-play," Virdon announced, in a flash of understanding. "He gets a human to shoot Zaius and whoever else on the council is here . . ."

"And then the gorillas take over, saying the humans need strict control, and Urko's the only one strong enough to handle the situation!" Burke completed the picture. "It'd work too . . . it's perfect!"

"Not if we can stop it." Virdon picked up the packs and thrust then toward Galen. "You've got to get out of the village, Galen . . . you'd be recognised too easily. Pete and I will mingle with the villagers, and see if we can find Cluf in time . . ."

Galen started to argue, but Virdon's expression told him there was no point. He opened the door, looked round quickly, and slipped out of sight. Burke and Virdon followed, moving out into the excited groups of men and women. There seemed to be no sign of Cluf.

"Maybe we're doing this wrong," Burke said, as they stood in the middle of the village. "Maybe we should be looking for the place he's going to be when he does it . . ."

After a few minutes searching, they saw the

only place it could be. On the flat stone roof of the prefect's house, a few rotting timbers were stacked. They provided perfect cover for a marksman. Burke and Virdon sprinted toward it.

Running round to the back of the house, they found Cluf, about to climb a ladder to the roof, rifle in hand. Two burly villagers stood nearby.

"Cluf, You can't do this! Don't you see what will happen!" Virdon pleaded.

Cluf looked shocked, then smiled wickedly. "What will happen is I'll get a fat reward from Urko! That's all I care about . . . !"

"But don't you see? Urko won't keep his word! He'll have everyone in this village shot!"

Cluf continued climbing the ladder. "No! He's guaranteed he won't kill anyone . . . and I believe him!"

Virdon saw there was no point in arguing . . . and besides, he could hear horses riding into the village now. He launched himself at one of the villagers, swinging a punch. Burke aimed a kick at the other one's stomach.

Taken by surprise, the two men fell back, stunned. There was no time to make sure they were totally out of action. Burke and Virdon raced up the ladder.

Cluf was already drawing a bead on Zaius, who had just arrived at the far end of the village, when Burke and Virdon reached him. Virdon grabbed the rifle barrel, praying that it wouldn't go off, and wrenched it upward. Burke grasped Cluf's shoulders, and hauled him backwards. Then, clenching both hands in a double-fist, Burke knocked Cluf senseless.

Zaius reached the Prefect's house, unaware of the three figures pressed flat on the roof. He looked round briefly, then turned to Urko, who rode at his side. "Very impressive," he said. "But I'm busy. Let's move on and see something else, then I can get back to Central City . . . "

"But Zaius!" Urko looked desperately up at the rooftop. "Stay a little longer . . . "

But Zaius had already turned his horse. Cursing under his breath, Urko followed him.

Burke and Virdon descended the ladder, dragging Cluf and the rifle. A small party of villagers had already gathered round the other two men. Virdon explained what had happened to the old man.

"You were right, of course," he said. "None of us would have been left alive if he'd succeeded!" The old man spat, looking disgustedly toward Cluf. "Even so, someone will be punished . . . probably Cluf."

They heard a lone horse, coming back into the village. Burke and Virdon ducked out of sight as the gorilla trooper reined in. "I'm looking for the human called Cluf!" he growled, menacingly.

It was time for Burke and Virdon to join Galen, and hit the road again . . .

■ ■ ■

"Where man once stood supreme - now rule the apes."